THE HEROICAL LOVER

OR

ANTHEON & FIDELTA.

A

POEM

Written by

THOMAS BANCROFT.

Μοῖσας Ἔρως καλέοι, Μοῖσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα φέροιεν.

Byon Smyrnæus.

May Love the Ladies skill'd in song
Invite, and they bring Love along.

LONDON,
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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

TO

The Right HONOURABLE The Lord ROSSE.

My Lord,

THis Poem, though compos'd in a Peak-like country, has yet no cauſe to

be proud of its high birth, unleſs more worthy it were of your Lordſhips peruſal, more ſuitable to the gallantry of your flouriſhing condition. Yet as the ancient Muſes delighted to climb Mountains, *Parnaſſus* *Helicon*, and others; ſo has mine been moved with a pleaſing ambition to aſcend to the eminency of your preſence. It was your ſervant and my Kinſman, Mr. *Henry Wright*, that occaſional-

ly rais'd her to this boldneſs, whilſt he highly commended your moſt hopeful endowments, and mentioned (with much honour) your ſingular love to learning. It is (I confeſs) a ſuperfluous ſervice to preſent to your Lordſhip a phanſied pattern, you being really conformed to your truly-noble Father, as he to more ancient Worthies of your Family, that heightned their Ho-

nours by heaping bene-
fits on their countrey,
and made their houſes
ſeem palaces by their
royal hoſpitality. I am
therfore in good hope that
you will be pleaſed to
entertain this Heroical
Lover; and that as the
riſing Sunne (that celeſti-
al Archer) ſeem'd to
ſhoot life into *Memnons*
ſtatue: ſo your affulgent
favour will quicken this
dull compoſure, and diſ-
cloud withal the Authors
for-

forehead, that he may more clearly exhibite himself.

Your Lordships

most humble Servant,

Tho. Bancroft.

To

To his learned Friend

Mr. THOMAS BANCROFT,

ON HIS

POEM

Entituled

THE

Heroicall Lover.

From your retir'd abode in Bradley *town,*
Welcome, my friend, abroad to fair renown.
Nova Atlantis *and* Eutopia *you*
Again expose unto the publique view

By

By your heroick Piece : unknown before
T'all mankind save to Bacon *and to* More.
To the tripartite world Columbus *erſt*
The weſterne India *did diſcover firſt,*
Yet (after that his perfecter ſurvey)
Veſputius *much on's glory tooke away,*
By giving it his name : ſo though thoſe two
Moſt learned Lords did firſt thoſe countryes ſhew,
Yet by your Antheon *(and his fair Delight)*
Farre-ſought Fidelta, *does your skill unite*
Eutopia *and* Atlantis : *what theſe two*
Ow'd ſingly to their pen, they both owe you.
Nor Belgium, Italy, *nor* France, *nor* Spain,
Nor Græcia, *nor* Sicilia, *could conſtrain*
(With their moſt tempting objects) your brave Knight
To yield ſubmiſſion to a falſe delight.
Although Sir Antheon *did refrain to run*
The monſtrous courſes of the Knight o'th' Sun,
(Whoſe Fablers ſo ſtrange tales of him reherſe,
That ſuch untruths never appear'd in verſe)
Thoſe countryes Beauties he deſpis'd and pelfe ;
Some others do orecome, but he himſelf :
And of all victories it is the beſt,
To keep our own wild appetites repreſt :
Hereby his proweſſe he did moſt diſcover,
And hence you terme him the Heroick Lover.
Your faire Fidelta *did not range about*
Eutopian *cities to find Suitors out :*

A free

A free well-order'd house she kept; and there
Sir Antheon *found her out, and married her.*
Joy or long life I need not wish them either;
They in your lines shall happy live for ever:
And you for penning their high Epick song
(With Laurel crown'd) shall live i'th' Poets throng.

Aston Cokaine Bart.

Upon

Mr. Bancrofts

POEM,

THE HEROICAL LOVER.

VV *Ho're bound to th' true* Atlantis, *cannot fail*
If by your Kinsmans & your Charts they sail

'Tis by these means we really descry
What's in Sir Francis but Sciography.
Your neighbour hills in joyful ecchoes tell
'Tis Haddon where those happy Parents dwell
That nurst Sir Antheon; and time will discover
Th' illustrious Rose (Sir) your Heroick Lover.
There, there live sweetly wedded Great and Good,
The brave Supporters of illustrious blood,
Whose waiters shew you by their courteous eye
The King and Queen of hospitality.
From this brave Paire Sir Antheon tooke his Armes
Proofe 'gainst Aselgia's and Sordezza's charmes;
Whose generous temper, extract with his birth,
Shall scorne and discipline those sonnes of earth,
Whose brutish valour wine and sloth would rust,
But for caprichioes, rapine, pride, and lust;
Whilst injur'd vertue, honour, longing stand
To see their triumph purchas'd by his hand.
Your Lovers (might I venture at your skill)

Are

Are that, Melentus; *this*, *a* Claracil:
Or if I miſs in one, I have deſcry'd
At leaſt th' Propheticke of the reall Bride.
For our Atlantis *truly doth afford*
A race of young Fidelta's, *but one Lord,*
The brave Sir Antheon, *whoſe illuſtrious fame*
Eutopia *ſhall tranſlate b'y another name*
To ſtately Belvoir, *where his gallant ſtory*
Shall out-doe all that Fame has yet of glory.
Me thinkes I ſee approch a glorious dawn,
When all the ferall birds and beaſts withdrawn
To the darke cavernes of eternall night,
From this bleſt region forc't to take their flight,
Shall give admiſſion to the Prince of day
In a triumphant chariot drawn this way,
Welcom'd with thouſand Graces, waited on
To faire Fidelta *and Sir* Antheon.
Our floting Delos *fixt, then men ſhall ſay*
Haddon's Atlantis, Belvoir Eutopia;

And

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And

And then your Muſe, crown'd with deſerved Bayes,
Shall ſing of Epithl'mes *and* Halcyon *dayes.*

Anth. Harwood.

THE HEROICAL LOVER,

CANTO I.

The Argument.

Of honour'd parents Antheon *bred,*
And in green years well seasoned,
Is loth his lineage to belie,
But aimes at true nobility.

GReat Fate, that at a kingdome here did throw
The chance of war, afflicts us still with woe;
Yet some impulsion stirres me up to sing:

Daigne me, ye Muſes, from your pureſt ſpring.
A flow of bounty, that my tongue may be
Sweetly embath'd, and ſound true harmony.
In new *Atlantis*, *Charidem*, and fair
Olympia lately dwelt a noble pair,
Warm'd with a love as equal as the heat
That Chymiſts uſe th' Elixar to beget.
The bright Celeſtials ſlide not from the skies
More calmely, to perform their embaſſies,
Than theſe went through all paſſages of life,
At no time troubled with domeſtick ſtrife.
Wealth flow'd upon them like a high Spring-tide,
Yet neither by intemperance nor pride
(Vices that on great fortunes moſt attend)
'Gainſt well-known morals did they much offend.
They oft reflected on this humble ſphere,
Whence their frail mortal parts deſumed were;
Yet minding that their ſoules to heavenly fires
Were near ally'd, they ſcorn'd all baſe deſires.
A Son they had (the tender fruit of love)
Whom ſith propitious Planets, *Sol* and *love*,
Welcom'd into the world; ſome Artiſts, wel
Taught by clear Heaven dark matters to fore-tel;
(As formerly the Delphick God had from
His golden Tripod utter'd things to come)
Were askt what fortunes ſhould the child betide
In courſe of years: whereto it was reply'd,
'That as he was illuſtrious by deſcent,

'So

'So for his acts he should be eminent,
'Should seek as treasure fair *Fidelta's* love,
'And richly blest in its fruition prove.
Now, as when *Philip* saw his son bestride
Bucephalus, he was so highly joy'd,
That his dilated spirits down his face
Made tears to run, as each did other chase:
So were the Parents of young *Antheon* (so
Their son they cal'd) most joyful to fore-know
That bravely he to Honour should aspire,
And crown with rich content his high desire.
'Twas their first care to have his body strong
And solid, able to endure each wrong
Of wind and weather. But when time (that mends
As wel as marrs, and by concoction spends
The drowsy humours in an Infants brain)
His wits had waken'd, and laid things more plain
Before his sight, that well he might discern
Proposed objects, and their nature learn;
They with sweet easie precepts well did fit
His tender age, and then the same commit
To learned Worthies, men that did as wel
In vertues, as in sciences, excel,
These much admir'd his forward industry.
And as when in the years minority
Young goodly Plants with smiling blossoms shine,
We of their fruitfulness may well divine:
So did these sonnes of wisdome boldly guess

He would grow famous by his forwardneſs,
And that ſuch ſparks of excellence would fly
Up to a pitch of rare ſublimity.
Of theſe he learn'd exotick languages,
Such as conduc'd to nobler knowledges
Of liberal arts, religion, manners, and
The lawes and cuſtomes of each famous land.
As his wit was to admiration prompt,
So was his language elegant and compt
Beyond compare; and well he could beſtick
His ſentences with flowers of Rhetorick.
Nile, that with ſev'n mouths runnes into the Main,
Seems not more fluent than his happy ſtrain
Of elocution was; his hands and eyes
Being order'd with his voice to harmonize:
Nor can ſtrong *Neptune* with his trident raiſe
His waters ſooner, or their wrath appeaſe,
Than he could by his Oratory ſway
Mens hearts, and turn them this or th'other way.
But when to nobler verſe he did erect
His ſpirits, O what curious and ſelect
Phraſes came melting from his fugred pen,
Able to ſoften marble-breaſted men,
Or harder-hearted women! nere could he
Endure to blaſt his leaves with ribauldry,
Or ſtoop to baſeneſs; but ſtill high and clear
(As *Phœbus* ſonne beſeem'd) his phanſies were:
T'honour and vertue did he ſtill direct

His

His aimes, and on ſuch ſacred things reflect,
As *Orpheus* thought on in his raviſht ſtate,
When he with hymnes the Gods did celebrate.
What ere's compriſ'd in Natures hiſtory,
Was the diſcourſe of his Philoſophy;
Who was not ignorant what ſpirit blowes
The worlds main Organ, moſt harmonious;
What principles do conſtitute the ſame;
Nor what proportion in the wondrous frame
One to another holds; nor yet how great
War they maintain, where concord keeps her ſeat.
Of what the gazing multitude admir'd
He learn'd the cauſes, and thereof deſir'd
So clear a knowledge, that he did deſpiſe
The trifling term of *obſcure qualities.*
All ſorts of Meteors, whether high or low,
With their imperfect mixtures, did he know.
He found that ſubterranean winds do make
(For falſe impriſonment) the earth to quake.
He well could tell what ſtrength of cold converts
Water to Hail; and that the frothier ſorts
Of vapours, from the aires cold middle-roome
Do in thin flakes of Snow (thick-ſcatter'd) come,
Whoſe diſſolution mirthful plenty brings;
And theſe the feathers are of *Boreas* wings.
He knew what ſmoky exhalations roll'd
Up into aire, and there begert with cold,
And chaf't into a flame, do roar and crack,

As Heaven had broke the Giant *Atlas* back.
He knew what those that kept the Heavens high-
By contemplation, did of Comets say; (way
What copious fumes, when many mon'ths they
Ore a sad kingdome, fewell'd them so long; (hung
After what Planets course they most did bend
Their motions, and what fates they did portend.
He knew the Globe celestial, Parallels,
Colures, Meridians, and all circles else;
Could into several coasts the Heavens divide,
Had learn'd what circuits the fair starrs do ride,
With all that to their influence belongs,
As he had heard divine *Iopas* songs.
But more familiarly this Globe below,
With all its Zones and Climates, did he know;
How broad a liquid girdle (here and there
Emboss with Islands) girts the solid sphere;
And how the shore's indented more or less
With Promontories, Creeks, and Isthmuses.
He knew all watery wonders, and could tell
How humorous *Luna* makes the Ocean swel;
And how it sinkes again; as persons high
And proud, are apt to fall from dignity.
No Mariner that dwells upon the Flood,
The use of Chart or compass understood
More perfectly than he, nor dar'd profess
More knowledge of all famous voyages.
Well vers't he was (affecting to be wise

At others charge) in best of histories,
And as an *Indian* upon *Ganges* shore
'Mongst common pibbles pickes up golden ore,
So amongst obvious passages what he
Worth observation found, he faithfully
Entreasur'd in his mind, and so indear'd
That to his use which he of others heard.
But when he met with actions brave and great,
Such as enforc't proud fame on them to wait,
O then he seem'd to feel a secret fire
Boiling his blood, and raising a desire
To match th' atchievements were they nere so high,
And pass the low marks of mortality!
He had more skill to hit than mind to hurt,
And us'd his sword but in a way of sport,
Yet durst the stoutest Combatants oppose,
And could make down-right payment with his blowes;
But in the dusty field of *Mars* he chose
Rather to chafe his blood, and could dispose
An army (as his best advantage lay)
In all the several formes of battel-ray,
And quickly change them, as from circular
To Oval, Cuneate, or Quadrangular.
He knew when to go on, and when retreat;
How a besieged town to win, and beat
An enemy out of his fortress; he
Could use all Engines made for battery;
Could work a Mine under a Castle-wall,

And make it with more noiſe than thunder fall;
Could fortifie a Hold, make ſure defence
With all ſorts of ſecuring Muniments,
As knowing what to Paliſadoes, ſtrong
Enſconcing, and entrenchments did belong.
One would have judg'd him o'th' *Theſſalian* breed
By's horſemanſhip; who, on his generous Steed
Mounted, and raiſing duſt with motion proud,
Look'd like a Centaure phanſied in a cloud.
He could his courage raiſe, his force command,
Cauſe him in full career to make a ſtand,
T'obey his leaſt directions, every way
To turne, curvet, and luſty gambols play.
But as a weak child roming here and there
In a large garden, plucks ſome flowers near
In trifling ſort, but balketh more, that are
Perhaps more ſweet, more beautiful and rare
So on his meaner ornaments I yet
Lay hold, but things more laudable omit;
As that (which is of knowledges the beſt)
He knew great Natures Parent (who impreſt
His image upon man,) and likewiſe knew
What tribute's to his Soveraigne goodneſs due.
ſhould relate how well acquainted he
With his own eſſence was, how far could ſee
Into his frame, his temperament, and all
His bloods impulſions, which we Paſſions call:
How far he div'd into th' abſtruſity

O'th'

O'th' Soul, and after how much industry
He found her seat imperial, her extent
Of pow'r, and won drous forme of government.
He took delight with judgement to reflect
Upon his own far-piercing Intellect,
To regulate its acts, and teach his Will
To yield obedience to its dictates still.
Hence famous for his wisdome he became;
And justly, sith enlightned by the same
All vertues are, which in his gentle breast
Meeting, with much content their centre blest.
Such was his valour, that he knew not how
To fear invasive danger, nor to bow
Under afflictions weight, but upright stood
With heart unconquer'd and unchilled blood.
In the foul gulfs of luxury he nere
Emplunged himself, but a fair course did steere
In Seas of plenty: and what ere he took
In hand, did fixtly at fair justice look;
Nor (so much as his Poniards breadth) would pass
Beyond the way that right and level was.
His courteous sweetness humbly seem'd to show
That from high Ancestry his blood did flow:
His bounty (free as heavenly influence)
Made good the style of brave magnificence:
And all his vertues were wrought up so high,
So full of lustre, strength, and dignity,
That nothing could be added save the sound
Of mighty Fame to make them more renown'd.

THE

THE HEROICAL LOVER.

CANTO 2.

The Argument.

The young Knight of Fidelta *hears,*
And thinks her praiſes tune the ſpheres;
Seeks her through Italy *in vaine,*
But finds Aſelgia *with her train.*

WHen at the beam of youth this matchleſs Knight
Now weigh'd himſelf, & found his ſpirits light,
And felt more fervent blood, he thought to prove
The

The ſweet endearements of deſertful love,
And call'd to mind what Beauty he had ſeen
Fit to be took for his affections Queen,
As minded ſome brave Heroine to wed,
Or never elſe to warm a Genial bed.
Mean while comes Fame (than thinneſt fume more light,
Or wings of inſects ſhining in their flight) light,
And tells him in a buſy panting haſt
Of a renowned Lady, richly grac't
With all endowments Nature can beſtow,
By name *Fidelia*; who her ſelf would ſhow
Moſt worthy of his love, although it were
A treaſure of affection here ſo dear;
But was ſo wondrous modeſt, ſo retir'd,
So ſweetly humble, that ſhe much deſir'd
Her beauties, though as ſparks of heaven beheld,
Might yet encloud their beams, and be conceal'd;
So much her precious vertue fear'd to be
Allaid by th' mixture of much company:
And for this reaſon (as ſome birds do flit
From coaſt to coaſt) ſhe did ſo often quit
The place ſhe honour'd, from reſort to go,
That where to find her very few did know.
'As ſure now, ſaid Sir *Antheon*, as I draw
'A truſty ſword, I ſuch a Lady ſaw
'In my laſt dream; who having at me caſt
'Some ſmiling glances, vaniſht at the laſt,
'And left my heart on fire; t'is ſurely ſhe

'That

'That must be mine by Destinies decree.
'This to confirme, I now remember well
'What oft to me my chary Nurse did tell,
'To wit, that great Astrologers once said,
'That I a Lady of this name should wed.
'I'le travel through this Globe to seek her out
'Where'ere she hidden lyes, and should not doubt
'But to discloud her, though her beauty bright
'Were maskt in shadowes of *Cimmerian* night.
'The *Stygian* Prince that *Proserpine* did steale,
'Should not this Lady from my sight conceal
'In's inmost cell, though it with clouds were hung,
'And 'bout her bed redoubled darkness flung;
'But with a deep device I would orethrow
'His shady palace, and her beauties show
'To th' upper world, that would admiring stand,
'And offer service what she should command.
This said, he call'd for gentle *Eubulus*,
A man mature, discreet, and vertuous,
And thus bespake him: Friend, I now must try
'The strength and temper of your amity
'So long profest: by all fair promises
'Of friendly aide, all vowes of services
'Heated with zeale (and yet I know your heart's
'So firme, that needless are perswasive arts)
'I must intreat you readily to goe
'With me, and help my skilless youth to wooe;
'For I must travel (who cantell how farre?)

'To

'To ſeek a bright, though ſublunary, ſtarre;
'A Lady whom all beauty doth embeam,
'Though never by me ſeene ſave in a dream:
'But ſo we do adore the Powers on high,
'Though not expos'd to view of mortal eye;
'And we admire the *Phœnix*, though there be
'Few that did ere that winged wonder ſee.
'The place of her retirement I no more
'Know, then I do the Oceans utmoſt ſhore;
'Yet ſhall I finde her to my wiſht content
'(My Genius tells me ſo) if you'l aſſent
'To my deſires, and cauſe my paines to be
'More ſhort through your long-lov'd ſociety.
'To make a queſtion, *Eubulus* reply'd,
'Of ſervice, is to make our friendſhip void,
'As cancell'd were its bond: command me t'go
'On bare feet through the *Hyperborean* ſnow,
'Or through dry parched Deſarts ſeek my way
''Mongſt poiſonous Serpents; and without delay
'I'le run thoſe hazards: the ſweet ſtyle of Friend
'Is charme enough to cauſe me to attend
'Your motions through the world, and to deſpiſe
'The frowns of Fortune, ſtrokes of Deſtinies.
Theſe words made muſick in Sr. *Antheons* eare,
Who for th' affection he profeſt to beare,
Return'd him thanks, and further did deviſe
How to atchive his amorous enterprize.
But as a Sea-man ready to launch out

O'th'

O'th' Harbour, when the winds do shift about
From point to point, well knows not how to set
His hoised sailes that he may forward get:
So did this noble Lover doubtful stand
Whither he should direct his course, what land
He should fill with his fame, what region see,
To make therein blind Loves discovery.
But having heard how *Italy* was grac't
Sometime with Ladyes of renown, as chast
Lucretia, *Arria*, and *Paulina* deare
To *Seneca*, he now resolv'd to steere
A straight course thither, hoping there to find
Fidelia, th' honour of all woman-kinde;
And to observe with some delight what breed
Of beauties now those Ladyes did succeed.
So like the *Trojan* Knight, attended by
Faithful *Achates*, full of hope and joy,
Went he with *Eubulus* by land and Sea,
Justled with rocky dangers in his way,
And at a hard rate did experience buy,
Yet came at last in ken of *Italy*.
And saw the smoke of *Rhegium*, where t'is said
That famous land was sometime severed
From *Sicily*, the force of waves and wind
Driving asunder what had been joyn'd.
Having arriv'd where Harbour did invite,
And chear'd his worthy friend, his dear delight,
Of that fair coast a greedy view he tooke,

More

More pleas'd therewith than *Jason* was to looke
On *Colchis* ſtrand : th' one for a golden fleece
Sail'd farre, this other a farre richer piece
Of beauty ſought. Like *Mercury* he mov'd,
And truth of hiſtory by tryal prov'd,
Apt to take notice and to give account
Of every wood and river, Plaine and Mount
In the whole region. One day as he came
Near to *Veſuvius*, when it belcht a flame
Out of its horrid mouth, and ſent a ſmoke
Therewith that threatned half the world to choke,
'O Hell, ſaid he, thy happineſs is great,
'That haſt no feeling of that fervent heat
'Within thy bowells, nor art rapt along
'By force thereof, but reſteſt on a ſtrong
'And fixed Baſe ; whereas in my ſick heart
'(That ſeemes at every ſigh to loſe ſome part
'Of its vitality) a heat I feele
'Able to melt a very breaſt of Steel,
'By whoſe impulſion am I mov'd to goe
'From coaſt to coaſt in hope to loſe my woe,
'And now could wiſh I here might reſt my head,
'And ſleep my laſt in learned *Plinies* bed.
Thus let he forth a Lovers diſcontent,
Yet with affections more inflamed went
To gallant *Naples*, and to *Millaine* great,
Faire *Florence* and high *Rome* (an Empires ſeat,)
Rich *Venice*, and to many Cities more,

More

More populous now, more famous heretofore:
And whereſoere he came, he ſtill enquir'd
For that hid ſtar whoſe ſight he moſt deſir'd;
Yet nothing heard in anſwer, ſave that ſhe
(Affecting ſights of fam'd Antiquity)
Came once to *Rome*, but thence ere long withdrew
Her honour'd preſence, whither no man knew.
This news that like a bitter-ſweet did taſt,
Caus'd him to double his induſtrious haſt
In his reſearch: when paſſing on the way
Through the freſh fields of rich *Campania*,
Whoſe pleaſures once their ſinews all unſtrung,
That marcht with warlike *Hannibal* along
To *Capua*; ſome Ruſticks (fit to ſort
With ſheep, and with rude *Sylvanes* to diſport)
Bluntly inform'd him that a Lady gay,
Who in that region bare a Queen-like ſway,
And courted was by braver men than ſwaines,
Did adde much ſweetneſs to their flowery Plains
On the green Margin of a chryſtal lake
Stood her more ſhining houſe, built high to take
Far-diſtant eyes; about it Myrtle-groves
And bowers did emblemize more pleaſant loves;
In myſtique beds (all fair and odorous
As *Flora's* boſome) glow'd the *Paphian* Roſe
'Mongſt flaming *Heliotropes*, whilſt violets blew
And ſtar-like Lillies heavens fair figure drew.
There planted was rich ſtore of bounteous vines,

The

That ſwell'd her Cellars with *Nectarean* wines;
There fields ſeem'd Seas of plenty, and did wave
With corne, as much as greedy Hinds could crave;
There goodlieſt cattel graz'd; and all things elſe
Were ſuch as few could find their Parallels.
Thither the Knight (with hope of ſweet content
Drawn eas'ly on) his courſe directly bent;
And when he now approching was eſpy'd,
The Lady all her magnetiſmes emploid
More to attract him; rich perfumes were made;
On loud-ſweet Inſtruments her Vaſſalls plaid,
Wherewith the heightned water in its fall
Kept time, with purlings rarely muſical;
Thereto encaged birds ſang many a Lay,
And all thoſe ſoft aires Echo home did play;
So that as winds the water did advance
In waves, the Lake ſeem'd all the while to dance.
Charm'd by thoſe raptures, ſoftly rode the Knight
By the Lakes ſide, remotely oppoſite
To that fair tower; when now the Lady laid
Her beauties forth, her braveries diſplaid
At a large window, beckon'd him, and ſent
Glances and ſmiles, and ſignes of kindneſs meant.
He bowing with much courteſy, kept on
His way, intending (when he had anon
Paſt by that wat'ry obſtacle) to make
Some courtſhip to that Lady of the Lake.
But not much farther had he forward gone,

Than valiant *Hector* could that flint have thrown
That hit ſtrong *Ajax*, when he chanc't to ſee
A grave man under a green leavy tree,
With book in hand, and eyes thereon ſo ſet,
As all his wealth lay in that Cabinet:
Yet ſeem'd his garb and garments to proclaim
That of ſome honour'd family he came;
And in his countenance there ſomething ſhin'd,
That ſhewd the precious habits in his mind.
The jolly Knight, deſiring much to know
Whether the Lake was fordable or no,
Went and requir'd of him; who thus reply'd:
'Sir, be aſſur'd this is the ſafer ſide;
'And if you'll calmely hear, (becauſe I ſee
'In you ſome ſparks of nobler gallantry)
'I'le tell you why: At th' houſe (whereto I gue
'You mean to go) lives that grand Sorcereſs,
'Wicked *Aſelgia*; who on Roſes treads,
'Paints her alluring parts, perfumes her beds,
'And feaſts blind Lovers, that they likewiſe ma
'Feed her wild luſts, and ſo themſelves betray
'To ruine. Some of them (as Apes their young
'She with embracing kills; and then they're flu
'Into this fatal water which you ſee,
'Being therefore call'd The Lake of Luxury:
'Others ſhe clothes in pide and ragged coates,
'And ſome tranſformes to Satyres, Monſte
'Or viler beaſts: who ere endears her vice, (Goat

'A Serpent finds in ſtead of Paradiſe.
'Her damned witcheries are fed at once,
'With blood of men, and marrow of their bones,
'Their entrailes, and the humours of their eyes,
'Beſides the ſpoile of mental faculties:
'And if ſhe draw not *Luna* to the ground
'*Medea*-like; yet ſtill is *Venus* found
'In her unhollowed roomes, as onely there
'She meant to dwell, and leave her giddy ſphere.
'Her muſicke's magical, and poiſons fly
'In the hot ſtreame of her perfumes, whereby
'She drawes delightfully ſoft-natur'd men
'T' her Manſion; whence, as from the Lions den,
'None are trac't back; at leaſt, if any be,
'Tis not without ſome markes of miſery.
'Braz'd Impudence ſits ſtaring at her gates,
'And rude Procacity upon her waites:
'Intemp'rance uſhers her, and in her houſe
'All lewd diſorders keep their rendevouz.
'Avoid her, gentle Sir, as you would fly
'From a dire Baſiliske with death in's eye,
'Or plague more deadly; and hereafter ſay
'You met with wholeſome counſel in your way.
The Knight expreſt much thankefulneſs, and would
(Had need requir'd) have guerdon'd him with gold
For better-worth intelligence; whereby
(Being angry at his own credulity)
He was induc'd his purpoſe and his way
To alter, and new fortunes to aſſay.

THE

HEROICAL LOVER.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

The Knight, that in Italian *ground*
No footsteps of Fidelta *found,*
Travells int' France, *with Robbers fights,*
And Alazonia's *profers slights.*

BY this time had our noble Traveller
(Fitted no less for *Mars* than *Cupids* warre)
Marcht through fam'd *Italy*, and as that *Hun*,
Stout

Stout *Attyla*, who did that land ore-run,
In every town and city ſought for prey:
So had this VVorthy (if compare I may
Vertue with vice) in every place enquir'd
For that faire Prize which chiefely he deſi'rd.
But being not found, (as who can ſet the time
Wherein he ſhall to high contentment climbe?)
He elſewhere laid the Scene of his deſigne,
To wit, in *France*; whoſe people are (like wine)
So brisk and pleaſant, that great *Caſar* might
In their harmonious tempers well delight;
And haply for that cauſe he longer ſtaid
Amongſt them, and their country more ſurveid.
Over the huge high-ſhoulder'd *Alps* there be
Three paſſages 'twixt *France* and *Italy*;
One of them *Hannibal* is ſaid t' have wrought
With fire and vinegar, what time he brought
The Fates 'gainſt *Rome*: that way Sir *Antheon* choſe;
And as with *Eubulus* he climbing goes,
Beſpeakes him thus: Sweet Partner of my care,
'Whoſe ſpirits with no dangers daunted are,
'Nor any paines decline, I hope we ſhall
'Much ſooner paſs theſe hills than *Hannibal*;
'The way's well ſmooth'd, & fire my boſome bears
'That melts my brain into a lake of teares,
'As piercing as the liquor that he pour'd
'Upon the rocks; though yet the Heavens nere
'Upon our travells, but anon they clear'd (lowr'd

Their lookes, and full of ſmiling light appear'd,
'He, full of falſhood, cruelty, deſpight,
'And all the Furies that enrage a fight,
'Could ſcarcely promiſe to himſelf ſucceſs
'Like my fair hopes, who Love and Nobleneſs
'Strive to advance, and nothing ſeek but what
'Fore-pointing Fates have taught me t' levell at.
Five times had *Phœbus* with his golden light
The world immantled, and as oft the Night
The ſame had diſarraid, before thoſe vaſt
And rocky hills the Knight had over-paſt:
But laſtly coming where the country lay
More plain, he took much pleaſure to ſurvey
The fruitful land, and bent his induſtry
To compaſs't round, though in the forme it lye
Of a Quadrangle; as he meant to make
(VVhat greateſt Artiſts ſcarce dare undertake)
A Circle and a Quadrat to agree
In the nice point of juſt equality.
Blith *Tityrus*, that well could pipe and ſing,
Made not the fields of *Amaryllis* ring
More fully, than this worthy Lover ſpred
Fidelta's fame wheres'ere he travelled:
Nor did pale *Ceres* with more induſtry
Her daughter ſeek in fields of *Sicily*;
Not *Cadmus*, at his fathers firſt Command,
Make a more buſy ſearch by Sea and land
For rap't *Europa*, than this Gallant did

VVhere-

Wher'ere he deem'd his Treasure might lye hid:
Which could he by good fortune find, he would
Not envy *Plutus* for his heapes of gold.
About the country he not only drew
A journal-line, but did his quest pursue
Through all its provinces, wheres'ere they lay:
And being not farre from *Poictiers* on his way,
Found an occasion notably to show
What fiery fortitude in's breast did glow.
It thus befell: Two Gallants that had bin
Gaming all night, and paid so dear for sin,
That they had lost their Pictures at their play,
Nor left a Crosse to keep the Fiend away,
Next morning (though o're night dejected low)
VVell mounted, to their high-way trade did go,
To try what fortunes they could steale upon,
And so patch up their poor condition.
But as a sharpe-set Haggard that did faile
To find a Patridge, or a daintier Quaile.
Flyes at less Game, a Linnet or a Wren:
So these, not meeting with well-monyed men,
Fell foule an two fair Milk-maids (as they sat
Sweetning their paines with songs and pleasant chat)
Seiz'd on their little hardly-earned store
Of coine, and made them desperately poor;
Causing the wretches in a wild affright
To cry for succour to th' approching Knight,
Whom through some shadowy bushes they espy'd

Full of clear-metal'd gallantry to ride:
Forthwith he came like *Perseus*, when he saw
Andromeda enchain'd, in rage did draw
Upon the Robbers; who again made head,
Saluted him with sounding blowes instead
Of a Good-morrow; fiercely fought, yet straight
Feeling upon their crests th' unwonted weight
Of his stiff blade, their own on ground they threw,
Yielded themselves, and did for Quarter sue.
'Quarter? said he, you hateful Plunderers
'Of purses! Terrours of faint Travellers!
'Can you expect kind Quarter, that should be
'Torturd and quarter'd for your villany?
'Can you (the wandering fires of wickedness,
'Your countryes running-Plague-sores) that pro-(fess
'Nothing but riots, rapines, cruel acts,
'Have ought in minde save Gallowses and Racks?
'You in rich Scarlet like to Princes goe,
'Yet base as tatter'd Rogues your selves do show
'By your debauchments, and extinguish quite
'All sparks of worth that shines in others bright.
'Come, Milk-sops, that, as you could slash and slay
'Whole troops, would seem, yet straight the Pul-(trons play,
'Cast now those splendid Sloughs, that ill become
'Such Snakes: for as you took their monyes from
'These Maids, their garments shal you have, put on
'Their Aprons & their wastcoates: they shall d'on
Your cloakes, and say they never were so brave,

'Nor

'Nor the like gallant day ſhall ever have.
'Take their pailes too, & carry them to th' Town
'Meekely and maidenly; nor do you frown,
'Much leſs refuſe, leſt that my ſword t' a goade
'I turne, and ſhrewdly prick you on the Rode:
'I never drove ſuch Bullocks; nor will I
'Sell them, unleſſe the Hangman come to buy.
This ſaid, he ſet them marching on the way
(Not as in battaile, but) in ſtrange array.
The Varlets ſowrely lookt, and ready were
To turne to curds the milk that they did beare:
But the Maids were lighthearted, talkt aloud, proud
Smil'd at their robes & thought they ſeem'd too
When now they came to *Poictieres*, here did Fowls
So flock at mid-day about flying Owles,
As people ſwarming came in ſuch amaze,
Upon thoſe walking wonderments to gaze:
And all that viewed them did ſo break out
Into loud laughter, clap their hands, and ſhout,
That never could a more confuſed noiſe
Be rais'd at *Bacchus* wild ſolemnities.
Scarce could Sir *Antheon* and his friend make way
With flouriſht weapons, that they might convey
Their theeviſh Charge t' an aweful Magiſtrate,
Who to their vile offence might adequate
Some puniſhment: yet, cleaving ſtill the Throng,
To a ſtrict Juſticer they came ere long,
Who thought th' Offenders not unfit to feele

(Sith

(Sith cladlike women) what belong'd to th' wheel,
That as to break good fortunes they were bent,
They suffer might a breaking punishment:
Mean while he sent them where expect they might
After a law-day a long-lasting night.
Fame with a fuller blast did never strain
Her cheeks, when *Theseus* had *Procrustes* slain,
Than now proclaim'd Sir *Antheons* worth, most
In honour, courted, feasted royally. (high
Yet'cause *Fidelia's* image ever shin'd
In's phansy, small content he there could find.
But (hearing least of her he most did love)
Resolv'd forthwith some other aires to prove;
And first to visit *Europes* thorough-fare,
Full-peopled *Paris*, did himself prepare.
When he did nearer to that City come
Than *Tullies Tusculanum* is to *Rome*,
Just in that season when with eager pace
Flame-breathing *Sirius* did the Lion chace,
Under a tree whose umbrage did invite
His stay, he from his Palfrey did alight,
Intending there the sunnes exalted pow'r
T'avoid, and rest until the Evening hour:
The fervour of the day began t'abate
By slow degrees, when in great pomp and state
A Court-bred Lady that way chanc't to come,
Drawn by six Horses (whiter than their some)
In a rich chariot, such as might compare

With

With *Cytharea's*, which through yielding air
Soft Swannes convey. The Lady seem'd of light
And air made up, her presence was so bright:
Yet some dark spots she on her face did wear,
That haply she like *Cinthia* might appear.
Her head with Chrysolithes adorned round,
Seem'd with a radiant starry cincture crown'd:
Her Carcanet and bracelets would have made
A richer chain than ever *Vulcan* laid
Upon his Anvil: of pure *Tyrian* die
Her vesture was, which fine embroydery
Had deckt with Peacocks, wondrous (to behold)
For lively workmanship, and all of gold,
Save that round Saphires, colour'd like the skies,
Did shine in stead of *Argus* watchful eyes.
Sir *Antheon* seeing her so stately brave,
Upon her fixt his eyes; who gladly gave
Him a full view as leisurely she past
Along, her pleasure not requiring hast;
For onely t'view the country, and to shew
Her pompous greatness, she abroad did goe.
Somewhat behind the Traine that with her came,
On a mishapen Jade, both lean and lame,
Rode as forelorn a person all along,
Grumbling & trolling his distempet'd tongue: (grown
His clothes had been like flow'rs, but now were
Poor wither'd weeds; and looking oft thereon,
Sorely he sighed, and his browes did knit,

As

As one both weak in fortune and in wit:
Of him the Knight enquir'd what Lady 'twas
That in illuſtrious ſtate that way did paſs,
Like ſome great Princeſs. Sir, ſaid he (to tell
'The truth) this Lady do I know too well;
'Her name is *Alazonia*, high at Court
'Has ſhe been bred, but who fares better for't?
'I've ſerv'd her almoſt as old Poets ſay
'Hard-taskt *Alcides* did Queen *Omphale*;
'A fair thred have I ſpun, ſpent many pounds,
'Conſum'd my patrimony, ſold whole townes
'To buy her love; who mounts of gold to me
'Promis'd, though not a Mole-hil do I ſee
'Of kind performance. Yet as one bewitcht,
'Or for true ſervice ſure to be enricht,
'I ſtill wait on her; though I may as ſoon
'Vault from this Centre to the ſilver Moon,
'And bring down treaſure, as her love regain,
'Who now beholds her ſervant with diſdain;
'Much leſs recover what I erſt have loſt
'Through fond profuſion, and exceſſive coſt.
'For though I now attend in mean array,
'Yet have I ſerv'd her when I ſhone like Day,
'Was the Top-gallant of the Town, and gave
'Lawes (as it were) to all that would be brave.
'Such muſt they be that on this Lady wait,
'Who ſtudies moſt quaint faſhions to create,
'And boaſts more in an hour, than in an age

'She

'She will make good, howere she does engage.
More had he utter'd in that eager vein,
But that the Lady bad drive back again:
For she descrying, as she passed by,
In the young Knight some sparks of gallantry,
Felt her affection (kindled thence) to glow
With such an ardour, that she needs must go
Back to th'attractive object of her love,
And with these melting words his metal prove:
'Sir, if enfeebling heat, or tedious length
'Of travel, chance t'have tired out your strength,
'Rest in your servants chariot here; lo I
'Dispread mine armes t'imbrace your company,
'And shall (as with a bowl of *Nectar* deep)
'Waken your spirits, lay your cares asleep.
'In those bright eyes I something read above
'Th'ascent and region of a common love;
'And that I might with fuller view discern
'What warm'd my heart, I made this quick return.
'Where ever you intend your worth to show,
'Your pleasure I'le attend, and with you go:
'And if at Court (a Stage for you most fit)
'You will keep up your fashion and your wit,
'I'le see your way to lofty honour clear'd,
'Nor leave you till in happiness inspher'd:
'There like the radiant Day-God shall you shine,
'And wear the value of a precious Mine
'Upon your back: nor shall you need to fear

'Harsh

'Harsh envies storms; I like a *Halcyon* there
'Shall keep all calm: then dear Sir come aboard;
'More love to you no Lady shall afford.
'Madam, said he, as fire makes fewel flame,
'So love the like affections force may claim
'In the beloved; but yours runs so high,
'It quite orewhelms my grateful quality,
'And brings me under: yet get up I must,
'And gallop in contempt of heat and dust;
'My business rapts me hence, nor can I stay
'A formal leave to take, but must away.
Forthwith he mounts, and rides as if in fear
O'th' *Gorgons* head, or th'uglier Fiend he were;
With greedy hast the way (as't were) devoures,
And soon beholds the proud *Parisian* towers;
Coming whereto, he much admires to see
Such numerous troopes, and quaint variety
Of fashions there; but could not fashion well
Himself to stay, where fatal pride did dwel.
Strait tries he other Quarters; but doth find
To the same Falling-evill all inclin'd:
Whence he concludes his Lady, that was found
In mind and manners, was not there t'be found.

THE

THE HEROICAL LOVER.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

Sir Antheon *at his next remove*
Goes into Spain *to seek his Love;*
Contemnes the wealth Sor'dezza *showes,*
And stickles 'twixt engaged foes.

NO force of envious Fortune can divert
From his fair aim a worthy Lovers heart,
Resolv'd in's course all crosses to abide

With

With patience, working 'gainſt both wind & tide,
Such a true undertaker was our Knight;
So firme in's purpoſe, that he did unite
All his endeavours to the point of love,
And towards that ſweet centre ſtill did move.
The Sea-mans Needle varies and declines;
But 'tis not ſo with brave heroick minds,
Toucht by pure love; theſe ſteadily direct
Their motions to their marks, and nere defect.
A due reſpect to faith and honour (dear
To Worthies) cau'sd this noble Cavalier
Still to indulge his amours, to deviſe
How to atchive his ardent enterprize,
And think where next he ſhould the name reſound
Of his *Fidelta*, nere enough renown'd.
At laſt he did reſolve to ſee what *Spain*
Of worth and excellency did contain;
Whether the women of that weſtern coaſt
Have orient beauties, as ſome men do boaſt;
And whether their endowments be as rare
And precious, as they rich in treaſure are.
Betwixt the potent realmes of *Spain* and *France*
The *Pyrenean* hills are bold t'advance
Their heads; ſo hoary, as they took much care
To keep the treaſures ſafe that hoorded are
In their deep entralls. Over theſe (they ſay)
The *Gaules*, too populous, did once make way,
And by *Iberus* ſide new ſeats did find;

And

And over these Sir *Antheon* now design'd
To pass into *Iberia*. 'Twas not long
Before they did ascend those high and strong
Rock-ribbed mountains; when to's friend he said:
'Some-where (I now remember) I have read
'That once these hills took fire, whose mighty heat
'Dissolv'd their minerals, and poured great
'Currents of treasure down; though now through snow,
'And a sharp penetrative air we goe:
'But a true Lovers breast, that much doth hold
'O'th torrid Zone, defies all force of cold;
'Will fight with it as sharp, and whatsoere
'To his designes shall oppose appear.
Great *Spain*, whose strength is now in monarchy
United, was divided anciently (Knight
Into twelve kingdomes; through all which the
(Whom nothing can dismay, much less affright)
Intends with speed to travel, and to try
The fortunes of a fresh discovery. more
When he had pass't those haughty mountains,
Did heat infest him than the cold before:
But his surmounting courage did despise
Both Earths and Aires more threatning injuries;
And like a River went, that without stay, (sea:
Though with some windings, seeks the wealthy
Still was he sounding sweet *Fidelia's* name,
And did her worth in every place proclaim;
Making in wealthy *Corduba* more stay,

To hear what people could of *Lucan* say,
And th' *Seneca's*. As there he walkt along,
And saw a house all moss't, but mainely strong,
More like a Prison than a Palace; there
Fixing his view, and drawing somewhat neare,
Forth comes a woman well in years, but ill
In fashion, seeming as some Hellish skill
She did profess, so fiend-like her aspect,
Mixing with carefulness a rude neglect.
A tempest in her eies she seem'd to bear,
Whence rough and wavy did her brow appear;
Her Elfine hair was gray, but had been red;
Her cheekes a nasty morphew over-spred;
And like a rusty Gnomon was her nose,
Thin as the bone that winter-weather showes;
Her teeth were Or, but Argent were her lips;
Her neck was speckled as with fairy-nips;
Towards her bodies sordid Centre hung
Her breasts like Rennet-bags, all knobb'd & clung
And turned were her tanned hands to paws,
So bent to rapine, and so arm'd with clawes.
She with a false eye (like a Kite that spies
A chick, and cunningly to catch it flies)
Having descry'd some jewels rich and faire,
Which (from his country brought) the Knight ware
Did long to finger them; & therfore came
To him; and having set her lookes in frame,
Thus said: Fair Sir, if from this publick street

'Yo

'You will withdraw, and please to set your feet
'Within my gates, I shall to you impart
'What haply *Nectar*-like will warm your heart,
'And win your liking; come along, and see
'What golden hope's in offer'd amity.
He smiling went with her (brave *Iason* so
VVith magical *Medea* once did goe,)
Went with her int' a gallery that led
T' a round built room, whose door she opened,
Shew'd him a world of treasure shining there,
And bade him enter while the coast was clear.
But when, refusing, he a stand did make,
She thus again his modesty bespake:
'You see, blind Fortune has not been my foe,
'That has vouchsaf't upon me to bestow
'Such heaps of treasure; yet some foes I have,
'Wild Prodigals, that strut about in brave
'Attire, when scarce they have wherewith to buy
'A cord, to mind them of their destiny:
'By day they're lordly, yet with night conspire
'To feed a base and ravenous desire:
'Such youngsters oft invade my treasury,
'As th' Elders did *Susanna's* chastity.
'Now, as you seem a gallant man at arms,
'If you'l secure me from such frightful harmes,
'And be my champion, you shall share a part
'Of all my wealth, but wholly have my heart:
'*Midas* shall be an Asse to you; that King

'*Cræsus*, scarce nam'd, not worth your envying:
'My precious treasures with reflexive shine
'Shall gild your brows, & make your looks divine.
'Those jewels that you weare are dimme & poore,
'Compar'd to many that I keep in store:
'I'le give you richer in exchange, that may
'My love, together with their light, display.
With that, she wrung his finger, with intent
To have pluckt thence its golden ornament,
Wherein an Opall shin'd: but he, his blade
Halfe-drawing, told her, if such pranks she plaid,
He would hacke of her talons, send her head
T'her feet, and shew it in grimme *Gorgons* stead.
Then such a thundring stamp he gave, that all
The gold & silver chinkt, and th' Hagge did crawl
Backe (like a Crab) in much affright, whilest he,
Full of brave scorne and sparkling gallantry,
Left her to *Mammons* mercy, laughing went,
As furnisht for a whole mon'ths merriment.
Soon after, meeting with a Matron grave,
Who by her even carriage seem'd to have
A well-poiz'd temper, he enquired who
That Beldam was that so much wealth did show,
That with fair proffers veil'd her foul intents,
And meant to cheat amidst her blandishments.
'You mean, said she, *Sordezza* (as I guess,)
'That Harpy-like, Hell-raking Sorceress,
'Who gapes for gain as Doggs for cooling aire,

'And

'And earth-ward bends, affixing worldly care,
'To the worlds Centre. If you have been in
'Her house, that Hold of mischiefe, Shop of sin,
'You owe much to your fortune, that you have
'So safe return'd, and not remain'd her Slave.
'For she not seldome layes her golden baites
'For whom she likes; & when those gay deceits
'The Gulls have taken, she enchaunts them so,
'That they her service never will forgoe,
'But gladly as her vassals will remain,
'And what she pleases to impose, sustain.
'Yet a hard-hearted Mistress does she prove,
'And great's her tyranny (pretending love)
'To those that serve her, over rocks and hils
'And dales she hurries them, while sweat distills;
'Sends them to back the wild-bounding Sea,
'And pass through perills to rich *India*;
'With troubles, as with torrents, over-bears (tears;
'Their strength, & with sharp cares their bowels
'Feeds them with scraps & refuse; makes them go
'Thinly araid through piercing winters snow; (make
'Loosens their limbs with flesh-quakes, and doth
'Whilst others soundly sleep, the wretches wake.
'This is no fabulous story which I tell,
'But true and real. Therefore weighing well
'Your late escaped dangers, with much joy
'Reflect upon your precious liberty,
'And shun as Serpents (if so wise you be)

The air and track of ill ſociety.
Contented with this anſwer, thence he went,
But not without a grateful complement
For her intelligence, well ſeaſoned
With grave advice. His reſolution led
Him forward ſtill, or rather urg'd him on:
And as a Current being ſtopt, anon
Flowes with more force: ſo if by chance he ſtaid
Long where he lik't, the greater haſt he made
In's following journeys. When he came in ſight
Of fair *Toledo* (once the *Moores* delight)
Which in the Centre of that kingdome ſtands
On *Tagus*, famous for its golden ſands;
Beyond a thicket bordering on his way,
He ſaw two gallants in a mortal fray
Engaged, ſtriking, thruſting, bending all
Their forces to procure each others fall.
Forthwith diſmounting, towards them he goes,
And (though in danger of their deſp'rate blowes)
Betwixt them ſteps, and bids them hold, or he
Would ſend them where they better ſhould agree.
Askes them th'occaſion whence their diſcord roſe,
And what might urge them to thoſe angry blowes.
Saies one of them: 'This fellow that you ſee,
'That lookes like milk, and quakes for fear of me,
'Was not aſham'd to tell me that he ſaw
'My father (who his Pedegree doth draw
'From Princes) on a founder'd Hackney ride

'Sometime

'Sometime, and wear no weapon by his side;
'Whereas (his foes well knew't) he wore a sword
'Daily, as good as *Bilbo* could afford,
'And us'd a trampling Gennet to bestride;
'The King of *Spain* does on no better ride.
Th'other with indignation said; This Boy,
Whose tongue the Hangmans noose can only tye,
'Sayes that my sister loves him, and doth wear
'A bracelet (as he brags) made of her hair;
'When I dare swear she holds him in disdain,
'As courted by the bravest Don in *Spain*;
'And's of that birth, and wealth, and beauty rare,
'As well may drive mean Suitors to despair.
'For this I challeng'd him; and if you had
'Not interven'd (whereof he may be glad,)
'I had by this time broch't him on my blade
'Like a swoln Toad, and fatal work had made.
'You both are valiant, said the Knight, no doubt;
'And pity 'tis great spirits should about
'Small matters tempt their fates: put up for shame
'Those angry tooles; and if you'd purchase fame,
'Draw them against your countries publick foes
'In a just urgent quarrel; do like those
'Ancient Heroes, *Theseus*, and the rest,
'Resist ambitious wrongs, relieve th'oppress,
'Release th' enthralled, and such monsters tame
'As live like *Harpyes*, flying at all Game.
'These are high whies to honour; but for toyes

'To brawl is infamous, more fit for boyes
'Than well-bred men, who wrongs should rightly weigh,
'Nor in the ballance heavy hatred lay.
'Whole kingdomes suffer for wild fervency
'Of blood, and blindly-bold temerity:
'And oft the Flow'rs of families (that might
'Have done their country much obliging right)
'By trifling quarrels have I known to fall,
'And damp our hopes with sudden funeral.
'Come, let me link your hands, as is most fit,
'And in like manner let your hearts be knit;
'And as your mettal is now found to be
'Solid and firme, so prove your amity.
This speech did work no less than *Mercuries*
Pastoral musick, charm'd their enmities,
And caused them (in stead of angry blowes)
To strike a league, and hate the name of foes.
So home they went: but him that made their peace,
Nor Love nor Destiny would yet release
From painful taskes of travel. Thence he hyes
To famous *Sevil*, where *Columbus* lyes;
And coming there his Epitaph to view,
Blowes off the dust with sighs, and much doth rue
That a brave Traveller who bare a mind
As ample as the world, should be confin'd
T'a narrow vault; and he that had surveid
New unknown stars, should be in darkness laid.
Through many cities makes he then his way,

But his chief Scene of busines does he lay
In fair *Madrid*; which (as sometimes a clown
May rise to honour) from a vulgar town
Is grown a royal seat. But neither there
Nor elsewhere can he of *Fidelta* heare,
Nor of such noble qualities as might
Thither a Lady of much worth invite.
VVherefore at present making there a stand,
He meanes to visit some more hopeful land.

THE

THE HEROICAL LOVER.

CANTO 5.

The Argument.

To Greece *th' unwearied Lover hyes,*
All obvious dangers doth deſpiſe;
A huge impetuous Serpent ſlayes,
And on the ground a Braggart layes.

THE Knight now having 'gainſt his paſſions ſtrove,
And made them all ſubſervient to his Love,
(That, like a Torrent, all things in its way Ore-

Ore-bare) ſome other aires would yet aſſay,
And either find his Lady, or diſpread
Her fame, and make her worth more honoured.
His mind was bent on *Greece*, that once brought
Wits, beauties, courages, of higheſt worth: (forth
Was Learnings fruitful mother, ſending thence
All arts, as from a happy confluence;
And in ſuch noble qualities excel'd,
As ſcarcely have on earth been parallel'd.
Towards that land with hoiſed ſailes he went;
And though he heard that Pirates do frequent
Thoſe Eaſtern Seas, yet forwards did he ſteer
With dauntleſs heart, ſcarce knowing what to fear.
On the wild Deep not many dayes he ſpent
(Though oft beſet with dangers incident
To Sailours) ere he to *Morea* came,
That had from *Pelops* a more ancient name.
There travelling with much deſire to ſee
Things of moſt fame in faithful hiſtory,
He moſt intenſively that *Iſthmus* view'd
(Reaching about ſix miles in latitude)
Which to have digged through, *Caligula*,
Nero, and other Princes, did aſſay;
That ſo two Seas which Nature had diſjoyn'd
Might as it were in marriage be combin'd,
But Heaven forbad the Match; ſtrange prodigies
Of blood that iſſued forth, of frightful cries,
And ſights of vengeful Furies, ſent away

The

The Pioniers with terrour and dismay;
The Pow'rs celestial seeming thus to threat
Mortalls for acts of insolence so great.
With like desire transported was the Knight
With clear-stream'd *Alpheus* to compare his sight;
Upon whose flowry margin when he stood,
Viewing the motions of the sportive Floud,
He said; Fair River, that thy *Arethuse*
'Dost follow under Seas to *Syracuse*,
'But there dost thy beloved Nymph enjoy,
'I envy much thy great felicity;
'But hope withall that I, who likewise go
'Through sundry coasts for love, shall not bestow
'My paines in vaine, but finally possess
'My dear delight, my high-priz'd happiness;
'So other Lovers at that bliss of mine
'Will look with languishment, as I at thine.
After some dayes int' *Attica* he came,
And for *Minerva's* City of much fame
Did look; but nothing did like *Athens* see,
That sometimes was the fruitfull'st nursery
Of arts and armes; brave worthy warriours bred,
Such as elsewhere have scarce been equalled;
And through the world such streames of learning
As have supply'd all wits with nourishment: (sent,
The Genius of the place (as did appeare)
Making the phansy quick, the judgment cleare.
Now in regard that *Attick* faith was known

T' have

I have been so firme, that 't was proverbial grown,
Sir *Anthem* with fair hope did feed his mind,
That there he should his faithful Lady find.
But as an Alchymist that long hath swet,
Pufft, and projected, the rare Stone to get,
But nought save ashes finds, doth sigh and mourne,
For that his furnace seems the fatall urne
Wherein his wealth lyes buried: so the Knight,
Not finding his chiefe jewel and delight,
Felt discontents arising in his breast
Like vap'rous stormes disturbing much his rest.
But with Philosophies instilled Balme
He cur'd the wound of griefe, and did becalme
His spirits so, that cheerfully he went
Forwards, arriving, ere much time was spent,
At those Fame-widn'd Streights, *Thermopyla*;
VVhere *Xerxes* host, which (as Historians say)
Had soakt up flouds as it along did pass,
VVas by brave Lion-like *Leonidas*
VVith some few *Spartan* troopes dismembred sore,
Full thirty thousand weltring in their gore:
Such fire strikes fortitude, when throughly steel'd
VVith resolution, that disdaines to yield.
Having well view'd that place, his way he tooke
Into the parts of *Phocis*, there to looke
For *Pytho*, famoused by mighty *Jove*;
VVho by a rare experiment to prove
VVhere this enflowred Globes firme navel stands,

Sent

Sent forth out of his thunder-swaying hands
Two Eagles, one of them, fro'th' shining East
Directed, th'other from the cloudy West;
These, flying, met with weary wings about
That town, and by th' encounter clear'd the doubt.
From thence the Traveller with high desire
Marcht to *Parnassus*, whose two tops aspire
To pass the clouds, and Embleme-wise expres
Of God and Nature the clear knowledges.
At foot thereof the pure *Castalian* spring
(That oft had mov'd the Muses sonnes to sing)
He tasted; and beheld th' adjoyning Cave,
Whence sometime wise *Apollo* answers gave.
Then, as that liquor had with fluency
Inspir'd him, thus he said: How happy be
'The fit wits, whom time and Fortune do allow
'To walk at leisure on the lofty brow
'Of this fair Mount; as in the Court of *Jove*,
'Embeam'd with starry lights, Celestials move!
'They with no small delight the trackes may see
'Where th' ancient Muses danc't, so orderly,
'As th' hosts of Heaven do march; and rest in those
'Sweet Laurel-arbours, where they did compose
'Songs of choice subjects, and fresh garlands made
'For happy browes, whose fancies would not fade.
'But my condition's like the restless stone
'Of *Sisyphus*; and hence I must be gone,
'To seek a cure for my love-strucken heart;

'Which

'Which onely sweet *Fidelia* can impart.
This having utter'd with some discontent
Sign'd in his cloudy brow, forthwith he went
Towards *Helicon*, a mountain high in site
And fame, wherein the Muses did delight.
Coming in view thereof, the careful Swaines
That fed their cattel on the fertile plaines,
Told him how sore their country was distrest
By a huge Serpent, which did so infest
And rob their folds, that few or none could keep
Their flocks in safety, nor securely sleep.
Near to the place where famous *Hesiod* said
That he his frisking Lambkins pastured,
Within a hollow rock this Monster lay,
At the hils foot; not stirring thence by day;
But soon as Night did from her iron carre
Fling rusty darkness, would he forrage far
With great celerity, and take their prey
From Wolves or Lions, were they in his way.
And as th' Enchantress *Circe* long agoe
Did into *Scylla's* bay infection throw:
So into th' Muses springs he did inject
Foul poisons, and their purities infect.
His close-wrought skales were like the Crocodiles,
Scarce penetrable: nor could all the wiles
And stratagems that Rusticks could devise,
Prevail this Cattel-killer to surprize;
But he not seldome did their arts elude,

Not

Not seldome had their greatest force subdu'd.
The hardy Knight now felt his heart on fire
At this report, so much he did desire
To benefit the country, and so much
A kind compassion did his bowels touch.
So, having purchas'd firme artillery,
Such as the great Bow-bearer us'd, when he
'Gainst *Python* went; and having with him took
A Guide or two that durst on danger look,
He climb'd the Mount a pretty space above
The Monsters den, & would not thence remove
Till Night with shades the Hemisphere did hide,
And forth for prey the horrid Snake did glide:
Hearing ere long his rustling skales below,
And thence presuming that he forth did goe,
From the hills side he boldly did descend
To the holes mouth, that passage to defend;
And setting some dry Laurels there on fire,
Did mean to see the direful beast retire.
About such time as the Day-Roses spring,
Back from his haunts and spoilful forraging
The Serpent sweeping comes; his bulk was vast,
And when extended, like a trailed Mast
Or oaken Beame it seem'd; his chappes besmear'd
With blood and poison, terrible appear'd;
His teeth like iron pikes, his eyes like fire;
And with the black fumes which he did expire,
The air was tainted, blasted was the grass,

And

And leaves of trees, where he along did paſs.
When he drew near t' his den, and ſaw the fire,
He forthwith kindled a more rageful ire,
Quickn'd his deadly forces, bigger yet
Did ſwell, and ſeem'd his forked tongue to whet;
Hiſſing ſo loud, as if a thunder-ſtone,
Enwrapt in flames, had from a cloud been thrown
Into the deep: then on with widened jawes draws,
He comes; when ſtraight his bow Sir *Antheon*
And ſends a ſhaft (that would have pierc't a coat
Of double Mail) into his gulfy throat;
Then with another quencht his flaming eye,
Ripping his heads ſmooth ſeams ſo fatally,
That, mad with anguiſh, up and down he flung;
Now wreathed round, then ſtretcht himſelf along;
Somtimes ſhot forwards, wheel'd ſomtimes aſide;
Then with his ſharp tail laſht the ground, & dy'de.
When haſty Fame had publiſht what was done,
From all parts thither did the people run,
Straining their throats with *Paans*, Eulogies,
And all expreſſions of triumphal joyes:
The Swaines (ambitious then to ſhew their skills)
Made jolly Muſick with their reeds and quills;
And to their humble houſes did invite
The highly-praiſed, ever-honour'd Knight,
Off'ring him homely kindneſſes, who took
All in good part, and at good-will did look.
But when he nothing could amongſt them find

To feed his hopes, or eaſe his love-ſick mind,
His leave he took, and travell'd on to ſee
Some farther coaſts in his diſcovery.
Within that countries bounds he ſhortly came,
VVhere warlike *Caſtriot* wonne unbounded fame;
And taking a ſurvey of *Actium* (nigh
To which *Auguſtus* quell'd *Mark Anthony*;
As the *Venetians* did long after foile
The *Turks*, and took ineſtimable ſpoil)
He found that Fame his acts had thither blown,
And that the Serpents ſlaughter was well known
To th'people there, who gave him therefore great
Reſpect, and with much kindneſs did him treat.
But as a Canker creeps amongſt the beſt
Of Plants; ſo Envy'mongſt theſe civileſt
Of people did appear, and did reflect
VVith all the ſcorneful ſignes of diſreſpect
Upon the Knight. A youngſter of ſome note,
A luſty big-limb'd bragging *Epirot*,
Full of diſdain, came ſtalking to him near,
Star'd in his face, and thus began to jeer:
'Sir Knight (if ſuch you prove) it ſeems to me
'A matter of no ſmall indignity,
'That to your ſelf ſuch honour you will take
'For cruſhing a poor worm, a ſilly Snake;
'Surely your hungry ſtomach barks for praiſe
'As well as food, that ſtrive ſuch fame to raiſe.
'If *Hercules* a Lions skin that wore,

'Had

'Had with your impudence been skinnedore,
'He had at honour caſt his club in vain,
'And had been lookt upon with much diſdain.
'I'le have your mettal more acutely tride,
'And mean to prove how well you can abide
'The claſhing of a ſword: then (if you dare)
'Ride forth with me into the open air,
'And ſhew me how your doughty blade will bite;
'For Knighthood ſhall you ſhame, or with me fight.
The challenge was accepted, and anon
The Knight was mounted; but he ſcarce had gone
Five hundred paces, ere a ſtand he made,
And bade the Challenger unſheath his blade,
And mettal ſhew: he turn'd, and ſomewhat ſpoke
In haſt; but th'other with a nimbler ſtroke
Cut off his ſpeech, and ſome part of his cheek
Together, which he on the ground might ſeek.
And now that his hot humour 'gan to flow,
He felt his courage cool, nor did he know
Whether to venture for another wound; (ground,
When ſtraight the bold Knight fell'd him to the
And then diſmounting, graſpt him by the throat,
Whileſt he for Quarter cry'd with piteous note.
'Caitiffe, ſaid he, thy life I do diſdain
'To take, or put thee to deſerved pain;
'It is enough t'have proved to thy face,
'And ſigned with thy blood, that thou art baſe.
'Riſe lubber that thou art with heart ſo cold,

'Do me some service here, my stirrop hold
'Whilst I remount; and likewise mindful be
'Thy tongue to hold in strangers company.
He readily obey'd, and quickly show'd
By's homage, that to him his life he ow'd;
Of fame regardless, so that thence he might
Traile back his limbs, & not be slaughter'd quite,
The Knight then call'd his friend (who stood aloof
To see this fighting-match, this martial proof
Of metal;) and with him advancing on,
Came shortly into th' coasts of *Macedon*;
There notice tooke of *Pella*, famoused
For that it had the mightiest Monarch bred;
And of *Siderocaspa*, where the ground
With precious minerals doth so abound,
As metals grew there, or in a royal sort
Plutus, the God of wealth, there kept his court.
But hearing nothing of that jewel there,
Which he above all treasures did indeare,
He journeyed thence to *Thessaly* in hast,
A country with all Natures favours grac't;
Where he *Olympus* view'd, so wondrous high,
It plainly seemd to shoulder up the sky,
As lofty Fame the clouds; where likewise tall
Othrys (that witness'd the rude Centaures fall)
He did survey; and with no small delight
On *Ossa* there and *Pelion* fixt this sight.
When he arriv'd at *Tempe*, and saw there

The

The face of Nature ſmiling all the year,
A bounteous ſoile, adorn'd with various flowe'rs,
Clear ſhining rivulets, and ſhady bow'rs,
VVherein the lively birds did hop and play,
And taught the wild woods many a pleaſant lay;
He ſtood, as ſtruck into a deep amuſe,
And ſaid: 'O, if I worthy were to chuſe
'My place of reſidence; and with me here
'This ages ornament, *Fidelta* were;
'Here would we gul old Time in pleaſant ſort,
'Inventing ('mongſt the *Sylvanes*) quaint diſport;
'Under green leavy Laurels, interwove,
'VVe would repoſe, and dream of nought but love;
'With ſoft ſweet flowers would we ſtrew our way,
'And make thereof freſh chaplets every day;
'Our loves ſo ful of croſſes, would we carve
'In knotty Oaks that might the work preſerve;
'And birds ſhould learn our oft-repeated ſongs,
'Of what to true affections force belongs.
'But ah! I muſt be gone, the Fates ordain
'Some other meeting-place then on this Plain;
'More painful travels muſt I undertake,
'That may more pleaſant my fruition make.
This ſpeech being utter'd, and with ſighes purſu'd,
He march ere long where he *Lariſſa* view'd,
A City honour'd for *Achilles* ſake,
That *Grecian* chief, who there his birth did take.
Thence paſſing on with ſome ſevere delight,

He on *Pharſalos* lookt, neat which in fight
Ceſar and *Pompey* joyn'd, reſolv'd to ſtand
All ſhockes and hazards for the worlds command.
He purpos'd to have ſeen hard-metall'd *Thrace*
Oft-frozen *Hebrus*, and the adjoyning place
Where the wild *Menades* did piece-meal teare
Renowning *Orpheus*, throwing here and there
His bleeding limbes, who th' *Sirens* had out-ſung,
And ſeen their inſtruments of muſick flung
Into the Ocean. But he chang'd his mind,
When (to his greateſt comfort) he did find,
That as a pleaſant field, neglected, growes
Squalid, and fair fertility doth loſe:
So there for want of diſcipline and arts,
The people were from all praiſe-worthy parts
Greatly eſtrang'd, were now grown barbarous,
Rechleſs, debaucht, and puſillanimous;
As loth they were the Lordly *Turks* ſhould be
Taught how to reach to honours high degree;
Or elſe thoſe Tyrants had for ſome offence
Beaten out all their ſparks of excellence.
No ſignature of lovely vertue ſaw
He there that might a worthy Lady draw
Thoſe coaſts to viſit, or there make her home,
If ſhe by accident ſhould thither come:
VVhich things well ponder'd, cauſed him to make
A ſtop, and think what next to undertake.

THE HEROICAL LOVER.

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

The Gallant now his Scene doth lay
In Sicily, *and on the Sea*
Rescues a Knight from wrackful waves;
On land a Ladies honour saves.

AS those that of clear *Phœbus* did enquire
About obscure events, of their desire
Did sometimes fail, and doubtful went away:
So though the Knight consulted night and day

With wise experienc'd *Eubulus*, yet he
Could finde but little ground of certainty
To fix his thoughts upon, nor well did know
Where next he should his wonted paines bestow.
At last, resolv'd he was to range the fields
Of *Sicily*, and try what worth that yields;
An Isle that in the mid-land Sea doth lye,
As vertue stands in mediocrity.
For loves and warres it sometimes famous was,
And still its fellow-Islands doth surpass
In things of note: the men ingenious are;
The women, like to wood-Nymphs, sweet & faire:
And 't was presum'd, because the people spend
Much paines in fields (which Poets did intend,
Who feign'd that *Saturne* hid his sickle there)
The currents of their lives did run more cleare
From vicious taints, than others idly spent;
And worthy persons did the coast frequent.
Besides, whereas long since, to plant that Isle,
People (invited by its wealthy soile)
From *Corinth*, *Sparta*, *Athens*, flocking came,
And other Cities of high worth and fame;
'Twas credible their vertues would not be
Extinct, but shine yet in their progeny.
These things wel weigh'd, Sir *Antheon* & his friend,
Who to make proofe thereof did now intend,
In a fair ship lancht forth; that (as ore-joy'd
To be by persons of prime worth emploi'd,)

While

Whilé the winds whiſtled, on the waters danc't,
And forwards with auſpicious courſe advanc't,
Paſſing by ſundry Iſlands famous made
By Poets, that therein their Scenes had laid.
But when of *Sicily* they came in ſight,
The aire grew turbid, and the winds did fight,
Whirling about with ſuch a threatful ſound,
As they forthwith the veſſell would have drown'd;
As the like miſchiefe they had lately done
To a toſt Barke that on a rock did runne.
It was a Ship wherein a youthful Knight
Of *Malta* ſail'd; that in this others ſight
Was daſht upon the hard and craggy ſide
Of *Scylla* (which wiſe Sea-men moſt avoid,)
And with th' alliſion ſplit and ſhatter'd ſore,
As all her barking Dogges the Barke had tore.
So have I known a globe of ſnow to roll
Down from a hill-top, all compact and whole,
Till ſome hard obſtacle it met, but fly
In pieces then, and wildly ſcatter'd lye.
All periſht in the ſhipwracke ſave the Knight,
Who full of caution and of motion light,
Into the ſhip-boat leapt, enforc't t' obey
Falſe winds, that turning ſtraight another way,
Drove him to deep deſpaire; who now did floxe
Near to *Charybdis* whoſe vaſt gulfy throat
Had quickly ſwallow'd him, but that our brave
Heroick Lover, vent'ring far to ſave

The

The wretched Passenger (that seem'd to be
A person of some eminent degree)
Drew him into his vessel, interpos'd,
And him from straits of horrid danger los'd,
Banisht his baleful woes, and lively joyes
Recall'd into his death-expecting eyes:
Soone as the bellowing surges of the Maine
Grew tamely silent, and the Heavens serene,
So that they well could into Harbour get,
Our Knight on shore his now-call'd brother set,
With wine refresht him, waftage did provide,
And all things for his voyage fit beside;
Giving him cause in *Malta* to proclaime
His noble favours, and divulge his fame.
Thither he went; but not before he show'd
What services for a sav'd life he ow'd;
Debts which he would with speaking heart agnize,
And gage for payment all his faculties.
Of all strange things that Travellers admire
In *Sicily*, there's none like *Ætna's* fire,
That (unextinct) hath burn'd from age to age,
And sometimes with such high impetuous rage,
That, belching out flames, cinders, ashes, smoke,
It threatned wholly to ore-whelme and choke
That Island, striking all the rest with fear
Lest the worlds conflagration now were neare.
The hill was less incensed at this time,
Giving the sprightful Gallant leave to climbe

Its

Its ſteep and rocky ſides,& to ſurvey (makes way
Some chinkes and cleſts thorough which the wind
Into its bowlls, and like bellowes blowes
The fire therein, that without ceaſing glowes,
As being with ſtuff combuſtible ſupply'd,
Which Nature there does plenteouſly provide.
Then came he to the place where ſome did ſay
Empedocles his iron ſlippers lay,
Thrown out 'oth' furnace, after he had caſt
Himſelf into the flame, and breath'd his laſt;
Thus ſtealing out o'th' world, to ſeeme to be
Deathleſs, and honour'd as ſome Deity.
This mov'd the Knights inſeparable friend
To fall int' a diſcourſe o'th' fatal end
Of blindly-bold ambition, and to tell
With how great danger it doth upward ſwell;
How (like to ſmoke) it doth obliquely riſe,
But falls directly from high dignities;
How Giant-like it 'gainſt the Gods doth go,
And under proud feet layes Religion low;
Stickes not to violate with impious hands
Of blood or amity the ſtricteſt bands;
Subverts well-founded governments, with Fate
(As't were) conſpiring all to ruinate.
When now 'bout objects much to be admir'd,
They rather had their limbs, than ſenſes, tir'd,
Down went they from the Mountain to the Plain,
Whoſe bounteous ſoile glads *Italy* and *Spain*,

Malta

Malta and *Barbary*, with rich supplies
Of graine, the welcom'st of commodities.
Led on by sweet Affects, the way they found
To *Syracuse*, a City much renown'd
By *Maro's* Muse, who thither did resort,
Preferring it sometimes to *Cæsars* court,
It was against great *Romes* ambitious wrong
By God-like *Archimed* defended long;
Who seem'd at threatning ships to hurle at once
Fierce lightning-flames and fulminary stones,
So that th' astonisht Victor gave command
That none should 'gainst that Artist heave his hand;
Who yet i'th'tumult 'mongst his figures found,
VVas soone disfigur'd by a deadly wound.
This caus'd Sir *Antheon* his sepulchral stone
With teare-shot eyes to view, and look thereon
For the Cylinder and the Sphere he made;
Desiring oft ere Natures debt he paid,
To have them figur'd on his tombe, to show
VVhat to his industry the world did owe.
The Knight now having seene what worthy was
Of observation there, did forwards pass,
Minded to see the place where Poets say
The *Stygian* Monarch pluckt *Proserpina*
Into his iron coach, and hurrying fast,
A veile of shades about her beauties cast:
Seiz'd neare to *Enna* was this gallant prize,
VVhere the fair Islands very navell lyes;

A

A medow flor'd with flowers so odorous,
That snuffing Hounds do in its bosome lose
The sents of beasts pursu'd; about it round,
Tufted with neat trees is the rising ground,
And nourisht with coole waters, gather'd nigh,
As't were t' admire a gaping vastity
In rockes adjoyning; into which (they say)
Pluto in triumph rode, yet lost the day;
Black night advancing from her drowsy seat
To welcome him, and on his Queen to wait.
Nat far beyond these wonderments, that might
Retard his motion, travell'd had the Knight;
But that (as if lusts wild-fires fatally
Rag'd in that coast) a wronged Ladies Cry
Sent from the Concave of a valley neare,
Did with amazement strike his listning eare.
She being fresh as May, of lineage high,
And wealth beyond the most in *Sicily*,
Had oft been seen, attended by her Maid
Alone, to walke there in the pleasing shade;
And (as it were) the Wood-Nymphs steps to trace
Into a mossy Cave, a pretty space
From her high-seated Mansion: That had mov'd
A brutish Don, that wealth and woman lov'd
B'ove fame or honesty, in wait to lye
To win her by surprize, and forcibly
Take her to wife, that so enjoy he might
A beauty rare, a fortune infinite.

That

That this rude wickedneſs might then be wrought,
Three Ruffians (wild as *Boreas* ſons) he brought
With him; and now they had the trembling Prey
Amongſt them, and were forcing her away.
But brave Sir *Antheon* having got a view
('Mongſt ſhady buſhes) of that ſalvage crew,
Caſt where t'aſſaile them with his brandiſht blade,
And that ſo cloſely, as they did invade
The noble Lady; whom he either wou'd
Reſcue out of their hands, or ſpend his blood.
And *Eubulus*, although more fit to give
Grave counſels and inſtruction how to live,
Than deadly tooles to wield, did yet advance
Bravely with ſword in hand, and forward prance.
Theſe ſuddenly, as from an ambuſh, met ſet
Thoſe worſt of Thieves, where ere they well could
The Lady down, their champion to the ground
VVas brought, engoared with a gaſtly wound;
The Knights keen weapon ſoon aſunder ſhred
The ſinews of his neck, and laid his head
Upon his ſhoulder, there a ſleep to take
Than night more heavy, never more to wake.
The like did *Eubulus*, his ſword ore-took
Another, as he turn'd his head to look
At's gaſping Mate; the ſteel ſtook in his jaw,
And being forced thence, did rudely draw
His ſhatter'd teeth; ſo fell he likewiſe down
From his chaf't Steed, and daſht his hairy crown
'Gainſt

'Gainſt the hard earth. Thoſe other two that ſaw
Such deadly flaſhing, quickly did withdraw,
And fled Sir *Antheons* force, who them a while
Purſu'd, but thought it fitter to recoil
To a fair Lady, than foul varlets chace,
VVhoſe brutiſh courſes mankind did diſgrace.
He found her almoſt where he left her, ſo
Empalſied with affrights, ſhe ſcarce could go;
Her blood being like to *Niobe's* when grown
Stone-cold ſhe was, & ſcarce from marble known.
But his warm hand (who was all love, all fire,)
Gently embalming hers, did ſoon inſpire
Her veins with heat, and made her ſpirits from
Their ſad Retreat with lively motion come.
His ſofter language too her inward pain
Much eas'd, and roſy tinctures fetcht again
Into her cheeks; as when dim clouds away
Are blown, clear Heaven more beauties doth diſ-
Thus comforted, he uſher'd her along (play:
Unto her home, and ſet her ſafe among
Her deareſt friends who hearing, what was done,
Shed tears for joy (like rain by th'ſhining Sun
Fairely embrighten'd) ſtriving to expreſs
To her all love, to him all thankfulneſs.
And as *Aetolian Achelous* flow'd
VVith bounty towards ſome that had beſtow'd
Their paines to chace the *Calydonian* Beaſt,
Perithous, *Lelex*, *Theſeus*, at the leaſt:

So strove this noble Ladyes worthy friends
To make the Knight and *Eubulus* amends
With royall entertainment, for their high
Merit, and most obliging courtesy.
The bounty of the house was full and free,
Yet could not work upon the constancy
Of brave Sir *Antheon*, there to fix his mind;
For that another Lady (though disjoyn'd
In place) was linkt to him with lines of love,
Which, howsoere extended, firme would prove
To seek that sweetning Object of desire
(Which finde he would, or finally expire.)
Thence hasts he to *Palermo*, that a thin
Phœnician Colonie had sometime bin;
But by additions grew so stately great
And populous, that 'tis a princely seat;
A City of such eminence and fame,
As may some soveraignty o're others claime:
Fair streets, brave structures, rich magnificence
Of Temples, give the place preeminence;
Which yet had worthier been its head to reare
With honour, if *Fidelta* had been there.
But none there knew her, nor had winged Fame
Wafted the pleasing sweetness of her name
Into those parts, which caus'd the pensive Knight
To look on Beauties there with small delight,
But still to travel on, in mind to try
The close of a true Lovers destiny.

The

The next place where he did ſome dayes reſide,
Meſſina was; whoſe gates ſtood open wide,
As in deriſion of the *Turks* proud threats,
Who oft for prizes near that Haven waites.
There ſuch pure noble liquour did he taſt,
As caus'd *Auguſtus* to forget his paſt
Sorrowes; & with the Knight wrought ſo a while:
But ſhortly did his diſcontents recoile,
And ſadly did he fold his armes, when there
No newes he could of rare *Fidelta* heare.
Other fair Cities made he with his love
Acquainted, but like Fortune ſtill did prove,
Finding the peoples greater part to be
Light, vaine, and void of ſolid conſtancy;
So that it ſeem'd impertinent to ſpend
Much time in ſuch an Iſle for ſuch an end
As he deſign'd; yet howſoere he ſtaid
A while, as diſappointed, not diſmaid.

THE HEROICAL LOVER.

CANTO VII.

The Argument.

To Belgium *goes the gallant Knight,*
Avoids Ebbrezza's *lewd delight:*
And rings (*to anger highly ſtirr'd*)
Two Hogges of Epicurus *Heard.*

Our famous Travellours tranſendent loves
Like to a foreſt-kindled flame, that moves
With hot contention, ſeeming to look red
For anger, that it can no further ſpread.

He knew a brave heroick fortitude
(And such was his) should never seem subdu'd
Nor wearied out; but should as much disdaine
A faint submission unto grief or pain,
As in a quarrell once engag'd, to yield
After slight hurts, and basely quit the field.
The *Spaniards*, that of large Dominions boast,
And run Division so from coast to coast,
Had told him that their *Belgick* provinces
Bred famous Worthies, such as did professe
All arts, and had such pregnant phantasies,
That they the nautick compass did devise,
Swift-hurrying Chariots, Clockes, Typography,
Quaint musicke, lively Limning, Tapestry,
With many other rarities of wit,
For pleasure some, but more for benefit.
They told him also that the women there
Are starres of beauty, of complexion cleare,
And quicke in motion, thinking it scarce fit
To yield to men precedency in wit,
Or t'any *European* Dames more fame
For noble vertue than themselves may claime.
These speeches blew the Knights internal fire,
And kindled in his breast a great desire
That coast to visit, and thereof to take
A full survey for faire *Fidelia's* sake.
Provided therefore of good shipping straight,
That neer danc't under a more hopefull straight,

He plows his passage through the foaming Sea,
By good direction finding out the way
To that low-seated region; where he lands,
And in no little admiration stands,
Viewing its bulwarks, made with mighty pain
And cost, the raging billows to restrain,
That threat to drive down all, and once did drown
Many fair fields, and many a goodly town;
Whose towers & steeples, when the season's clear
And water low, like marine rocks appear.
'Friend *Eubulus*, said he, these works are rare;
'And they that thus secure their borders, are
'More to be fam'd than *Hercules*. For he
'Found work enough to win the victory
'Of *Achelous*, that one river strain'd
'His nerves, before the conquest he obtain'd.
'But long (I hear) these Patriots have withstood
'The furious charges of the brinish Floud,
'Though thousand rivers to their *Neptunes* aide
'Bring their fresh forces, readily conveid,
'And oft great *Æolus* in puffing hast
'Sends his bold slaves to lay the country wast.
The painful *Dutch* may teach us industry,
'And fill our hearts with pleasing hopes t'enjoy
'After a small time what we much desire,
'And what we travel for at length acquire;
'Though yet we find that Fortune seldome goes
'Our way, nor friendly favours oft bestows.

Thus

Thus ſpake he; thus from every thing he ſaw,
Some uſeful obſervation did he draw.
Then warm with wonted fire, he foreward went,
Still wondring at the pains that had been ſpent
In cutting trenches, dreining mariſhes,
Caſting up banks, and many works like theſe;
VVhereof ſome tend to profit, others aim
At pleaſure, all true induſtry proclaim.
No Statiſt, on ſome great embaſſage ſent
Twixt Prince and Prince, can be more diligent
About the weighing of thoſe nice affaires
That are the ſubject of his preſſing cares,
Than was the Knight induſtrious to enquire
For the dear object of his deep deſire.
Yet balkt he *Amſterdam* (though rich and fair
That City be) for that he heard there are
So many loſt Religions there t'be found,
Like to *Meduſa's* Snakes together wound,
Yet hiſſing at each other; ſuch a croud
Of ſects and hereſies, and all allow'd
Their dotages, that he deſpair'd to ſee
Fidelia in ſuch faithleſs company.
But with no ſmall content he view'd the town
That bred *Eraſmus, Belgium's* chief renown,
Who with pure flowing ſtyle far off to drive
Th' *Augean* filth of Barbariſme did ſtrive;
Render'd the Muſes walkes more ſweet and clean,
And made their troubled ſpring run clear again.

To *Zutphen* when he came, and heard some tell
That there that star of honour, *Sidney*, fell,
A cloud of sorrow over-cast his face,
And thence a showr'e of tears distil'd apace,
VVhilst freshly he remembred that the fame
Of that brave Heroe to *Atlantis* came,
Long ere his amourous task he undertook;
And that his worthy Father bad him look
Upon such noble Patterns, and aspire
VVith main contention of a high desire
To reach their excellencies, and to be
(If possible) their equal in degree.
Thence goes he on, nor slacks a Lovers pace,
Proclaiming his design in every place;
And lets no object over-slip him, which
VVith any knowlege might his mind enrich.
The Sun (with fervent labour looking red)
Declin'd apace towards his western bed,
VVhen by the forrest of *Ardenna's* side,
An house of large receipt the Knight espi'de,
Such as wherein he thought that strangers might
Refresh themselves by day, repose at night.
At his approch, so wild a noise therein
He heard, as if the *Thyades* had bin
There with their Timbrels: howsoere, being tir'd
With travel, there to rest he much desir'd.
Straight then he enter'd; and so might he well,
Sith open stood the gate like that of Hell,

Those

Thoſe there aſſembled being void of fear,
For that by valiant *Bacchus* arm'd they were.
The houſe was full of Ramblers, ſome whereof
Did break unſavoury jeſts, and vilely ſcoffe;
Others ſang Catches; ſome leapt over ſtooles;
Others grown qualmiſh, curſt th' unquiet fooles;
Some croſt in love deplor'd their bad ſucceſs;
Others with laughter mockt their heavineſs;
Some like the *Lapithes* and *Centaures* brawl'd;
But all drank deep, and for more liquor call'd
With thirſty throats, ſave thoſe that had before
(Like mellow fruits) dropt down, and ſtrew'd the floor.
Thus as hot ſultry weather ſundry wiſe
VVorks upon things of different qualities,
Hardens ſome ſubſtances, makes others flow;
Withers ſome Plants, & makes their fellows grow:
So did the fervid liquor of the grape
The humours of that drunken Rabble ſhape
Int' ſeveral follies, cauſing them t' expreſs
Their tempers by intemperate rudeneſſes.
Amidſt them ſate *Ebbrezza* (ſo ſhe hight,
Whoſe courtſhip was their ſolace and delight)
Deep-drencht in wine, yet ſuch an Ocean more
Deſiring, as no bottom had nor ſhore.
Like a great Puff the blown-up Fatling was,
Filling a large chair with her fleſhy maſs:
Her face was fully bladder'd, in whoſe ſphere
Her eyes like flamy meteors did appear;

And in her fiery nose (that towards her chin
Inclin'd) the quintessence o'th quaffing sin
Seem'd bottled up: Her bagging cheeks so low,
And trebble chinne did hang, that little show
Her neck did make, although no little charge
Maintain'd a thorow-fare, a gulf so large:
Her palsied arms and hands could scarcely own
Themselves by shape, they were so over-grown:
Like a foul ruffled pillow either breast
Appear'd, whereon *Silenus* well might rest
His seldome-sober head: Her belly soft
VVas like a mossy mount, with laughter oft
(As with an earth-quake) shook: And in such sort
Those Limbs that should her weighty bulk support,
Were swolne with Dropsy, that they did appear
Not legs, but logs, such monstrous props they were;
Nor could she eas'ly move them, when to bed
She willing was to go, and must be led.
On one side of her stood a Cask repleat
VVith lusty wine; on th' other side a great
Nicotian boxe, which duly she did ply,
Smoking and quaffing still alternately;
That so being moist and dry by turnes, she might
Tast her Delights with greater appetite.
Sir *Antheon* smil'd when such a Rout he saw, (draw
And knew not whether he should straight with-
Out from that mad-brain'd Company, or stay
To see the Humorists some tricks to play.

At

At length the guzzling Goſſip he beſpake
Thus: may we not be bold awhile to make
'Our randevouz amongſt you, and to be
'Merry with this light-hearted Company?
'At leaſt be furniſht with things requiſite
'For Travellers, who with the morning-light
'Aroſe, and ſince have journyed without ſtay,
'Though our next ſtomachs chid the tedious way?
'For we upon an urgent buſineſs go
'Of love, like arrows ſent from *Cupids* bow,
'And on the ſweets of hope may ſeem to feed,
'Yet yield perforce we muſt to Natures need;
'And (that our worſe parts may do ſervice to
'Our better) eat and drink, as others do.
'Sir, if you come to drink, ſaid ſhe, ſit down,
'Here's liquor ſoon will take you by the Crown,
'Will make thoſe ſober looks of yours to ſtare
'Like to a Comet, conjure down your care,
'Make all your fears to vaniſh like my ſmoke,
'And arm you 'gainſt encountring dangers ſtroke.
'You ſhall not need to wear here by your ſide
'A threatning ſword, to ſhew your valours pride:
'My Caske's a Magazine, and you may hence
'Be ſtrongly furniſht for ſecure defence:
'Then lay that dandling weapon by, ſuch fooles
'(And onely ſuch) will ſo expoſe their tooles;
'And take you rather what our houſe preſents,
'Full pots and pipes, the chief of implements.

Then

Then laught, then belcht she, & then tooke a cup,
And drank to him; but slowly heav'd it up,
That, taking a long draught, she might thereby
More fully, what she dearly lov'd, enjoy. (bold
Meane while stept forth two Roarers, fierce and
As fire-drakes, who the Knight too plainely told
That he must singe a merry Catch or two,
And what their Mistris had enjoyn'd him, do,
Or there he should not quench his thirst, nor be
Honour'd to mixe with that Society.
He, thus provokt to shew his metal (more
Than *Meleager*, when the sylvane Boare
Assail'd him) clapt his hand upon his blade,
And fuming with high indignation, said:
'Feed still, ye nasty Hoggs, each at his trough;
'I scorne what you deny, and have enough
'To see you swill and guzzle at this rate;
'Who onely staid to view (the more to hate)
'Your *Bucchanalian* freakes, and all those vile
'Impurities, that your loath'd lives defile.
'As much do I disdain to quaffe, and sing (ring,
'Those ribauld rhimes wherewith your rooms do
'As from faire humane dignity to throw
'My self, and like a groveling beast to go.
Then with a threatning look, as straight he wou'd
Have mixt delicious wine with Drunkards blood,
And dampt their frantick mirth, he left the den
Of those wild beastly Revellers. But then

Did

Did the plumpe Dame begin her voice to ſtrain,
And call'd to him to ſtay, and call'd again,
Inviting him with promiſes, that might
Work on a green and frolicke appetite.
When ſhe perceiv'd her words were like a gale
To drive him on, and nought they could prevaile,
She after him thoſe jolly Champions ſent,
That lately gave him ſo much diſcontent,
And bade them melt their language in to faire
In treaties, that he would with them repaire
Backe to her houſe. They haſted, reel'd, and fell,
Yet to him came, and did their meſſage tell,
Courting him fairely at their firſt aſſay:
But when they ſaw he ſtill would keep his way,
They call'd him Lout and Beaſt, & (to have ſtaid
His Errantry) bold hands upon him laid.
He quickly ſhooke them off, and train'd them on,
Till out o'th' view of others they were gone;
Then, as the King of beaſts, that (hunted) burnes
With wrath, at laſt on his Purſuers turnes:
So did he face about to fall on thoſe
That follow'd him, & 'twixt them dealt his blowes.
Then, having with ſtiffe gagges diſtended wide
Their chaps, & their rude hands behind them tyde,
The next part that moſt workeman-like he plaid,
Was that a ſmall arch in the bridge he made
Of either's noſe, and both together wyr'd;
Saying, Now you that buſily conſpir'd

'Againſt

'Againſt me, may with heads together laid
'Plot your Releaſe, but hardly call for aide.
'Stand billing there like Doves, & ſpend your blood
'With comfort; 't is for your dear countries good.
'Rather like Swine for Maſt or other fruit
'Stand gaping, but forbear awhile to root:
'Be taught, ye Sots, to drink more ſparingly,
'And Strangers treat with more civility.
This having ſpoke, he left them to beſpue
Each others breaſt, and their ill manners rue,
Never did Bee on top of *Hybla* high,
Or faire *Hymettus*, with more induſtry
Search the ſweet cells of every vernant flow'r,
From the Dayes entrance to the Evening hour,
Then he with care perform'd the great inqueſt
Of Love, that careleſly diſturb'd his reſt.
VVhen he had view'd each City, every Port,
And almoſt every place of great reſort,
Yet was unſatisfy'd in his deſire,
It was his purpoſe to have marc'ht up higher,
T' have ſeen the neighb'ring nation, o're whoſe (heads
His ſhady wings the *Auſtrian* Eagle ſpreads:
But when being certify'd by ſundry Poſts
And Legates (ſent into thoſe lower coaſts
To take up newes) that ſure there could not be
Any ſuch Lady found in *Germany*
As he enquired for, ſith Fame no where
Is buſier with her hundred tongues than there,

And

And quickly would ſuch excellence diſcloud,
Although wrapt up in a *Cimmerian* ſhroud;
He paus'd a while, and like a Student far'd,
VVho reading ſentences obſcure and hard,
Is ſhrewly puzzled, yet will truth purſue
Through miſty walkes, and ſeek a clearer view.
He could not but give way to diſcontent,
Yet ſcorned neretheleſs to ſlack the bent
Of his Reſolve, or any ſigne to ſhow
That his high courage did dejected grow.

THE

THE HEROICAL LOVER.

CANTO VIII.

The Argument.

Our worthy Lover takes his way
Towards farre-fam'd Eutopia,
Finds there Fidelta, *claimes his prize,*
And triumphs in connubial joyes.

IN all assayes the courage of our Knight
Shew'd (like his sword) a temper exquisite,
Bearing so true an edge, as hardest fate
That ere encountr'd it could nere rebate.
This rais'd his thoughts, adapted him for high
Atchievements, form'd him for great dignity;
Quickn'd his hopes, and wrought upon his mind
Further to seek what most he wisht to finde.
But as a Sapling on a mountaine pight,
When the rude winds tumultuously doe fight,
Bends several wayes, as surly blasts impell:
So tost with passions was the Knight, nor well

VVhat

What course in's business might be taken, knew,
Nor in what coast he should his quest renew.
Some thoughts he had great *Britain* to have seen,
An Isle once famous for a Fairy Queen;
But hearing then (as who now does not heare?)
That Rapine, Fraud, & Treachery were there,
Acting their Hellish plots in peace and war,
As common as high wayes, but deeper far;
He could not hope *Fidelia* there to finde,
Where people were to falshood most inclin'd.
Nor could he think it safe for him to tread
Where Trappes & Snares so covertly were laid.
Some other nations ment he to assay;
But Fame unwilling seem'd to give him way,
Reproching them with manners so impure,
As no fair noble Lady could endure.
Amidst the Puzzle of designes, his friend
(Who on him cheerefully did still attend)
Thus spake: Small reason have we to complain
'That our great labours have been spent in vain;
'For we have seen what made *Vlysses* wise,
'Manners and Cities differing in their guise,
'And government. But haply, had we show'd
'At first leese rashness, & more time bestow'd
'In consultations, we had better sped,
'And our desire long since accomplished
'There is (discover'd by an *English* Knight,
'Much-honour'd More) a land, *Eutopia* hight,
'Not far from our *Atlantis*, though in wrath
'Beyond it far; a land that bringeth forth '(As

'(As Fame reports) a brave and noble race
'Of people, that account all vices, base,
'Maintain fair rights, and love to peace profess,
'Alike detesting war and wickedness.
'Now lately have some thoughts possest my mind
'That there we shall your long sought Lady find,
'That land being less with vicious customs stain'd
'Than those whereof we have the knowledg gain'd.
'If then you please that proofe hereof be made,
'We will retire (like Planets retrograde)
'Towards our native coast, and so, no doubt,
'Shall find ere long that famous country out.
Hereat Sir *Antheon* smil'd, and said (in jest;)
'Perhaps, if *Apollonius*, who profest
'Strange sounds t'interpret, had but chanc'd to hear
'How Huntsmen in these parts their Hounds doe cheer,
'He would have told us that their Hornes (did say
'At every blast, *Euro*, *Eutopia*.
'But if this fair and happy region be
'Not far from our *Atlantis*, certainely
'Tis such a floting Island, as 'tis said
'That *Delos* was, till fixt and stablished.
'For sometime (if my judgment do not faile)
'It border'd upon *Plato's* Common-weale,
'Famous in *Greece*, so far from us, that well
'How great the distance is I cannot tell.
'However your desire imports to me
'A just command, besides an augury
'Of good success; & I your counsel weigh
'As much as what a Senate-house can say: 'Nor

'Nor (having found you credible in all
'Reports) can I your words in queſtion call:
'Your riper age, that has the world explor'd
'Much more than mine, more knowledge doth
'Then let us cheerfully our ſelves addreſs (afford.
'(As at the firſt) to th' earneſt buſineſs
'Of ardent love, to ſeek that happy land,
'And her that greater ſervice may command.
Theſe ſpeeches ended, to a Port they went,
And for their own *Atlantick* veſſel ſent;
A Ship that oft had wraſtled with the Seas,
And born up bravely in long voyages.
When they had trimm'd it up in every joynt,
Had ſeen it firm, complete in every point,
And furniſht with proviſions plenteous ſtore,
They boldly put off from the lazy ſhore
Into the working Floud, that ſmil'd with ſome,
And proudly ſwell'd to ſee the veſſel come.
Through wildeſt vaſtities & torrid'ſt Climes (times;
They paſt, ſometimes beſtorm'd, becalm'd ſome-
Sometimes with unſeen rocks (that ſeem'd to
A ſecret ſpight to them) they threatned were; (bear
Sometimes with ſwallowing gulfs, ſometimes with
Up-caſt, and oft with Rovers from ſtrange (ſands
Yet, as great *Caſars* fortune they along lands.
Had with them took, they ſafely paſt among
All dangers, ſafely to the largeſt Plain
In *Neptunes* Empire came, the Southern Main.
It was not long before they rack't the ſand
Of their *Atlantis* with their Keele; yet land

They would not there, leſt they too long ſhould (ſtay
Ere they arriv'd at fair *Eutopia*.
Having at laſt procur'd an abler Guide,
And ſail'd by his direction, they deſcry'd
Somewhat that lookt as if a cloud had lain
Upon the Sea; but ſoon appear'd more plain
To be an Iſle, the ſame that they had ſought,
And with hard paines a ſight thereof had bought.
The countrey ſeem'd of figure ſpherical,
Emboſt with hills more beautiful than tall, (vales
Whoſe browes freſh woods engirt; the ſhadow'd
Were here & there with brooks (like ſilver Trails)
Enbrightned; the rich ſoiles well-cultur'd ſtate
Render'd it chief of Iſlands Fortunate,
They, ſafely landing, greatly joy'd to ſee
A people form'd to fair civility,
That ſhew'd themſelves in mind and body ſound,
And had much knowledge with more vertue crown'd,
Hating the names of injury & ſtrife,
As bitter enemies to the ſweeteſt life;
So that good laws amongſt them did indeed
Scarce ſeem from evill manners to proceed,
But rather from a wiſe forecaſt. They were
(Like thoſe of famous *Sparta*) ſo ſevere,
That ſuch as dar'd t' offend, were never ſpar'd,
Nor was Deſert ere cheated of reward.
Hence liv'd they in ſuch quietneſs, that they
Might wel be neighbours to th' *Pacificke*-Sea;
And happy were in ſuch a high degree,
That next to Heaven was their felicity.

The

The Knight, whose sparkling courage clear'd his
Went on with his design without delay; (way,
And as those motions which from Nature flow,
Do towards their cessation swifter grow:
So he now drawing nearer to his Love,
With more alacrity did forward move.
Under a hill, with Olive-arbours green,
Amongst whose sprases was store of Turtles seen,
Did stand an ancient Edifice, not gay,
Nor vast, but strong and usefull every way;
Such as whose very structure wrought th' effect
In all beholders, of a fair respect:
Humility had rais'd it, and there sate
Full-handed Bounty smiling at the gate,
Whilst fair Civility in every room,
Took care of what might dignity become.
It had for Prospect an extended Plain
Towards the East, where *Flora* seem'd to reign
In richest state: through this, Sir *Antheon* drew
Up towards the Fabrick which he had in view:
When meeting with a Passenger by th' way,
An aged Sire, all (Pilgrime-like) in gray,
He gently wisht him (if he could) to tell
What person at that pleasant Seat did dwell.
'Truly, said he, there shines in yonder place
'A starlike Beauty, the great joy and grace
'Of this whole coast; *Fidelia* is her name,
'Whose worth would weary many-tongued Fame
'Fully to sound it: her poor Bead-man I
'Professe my self, and will do till I dye.

The

The Knight (now rapt with joy, & grown as light
As *Nisus* felt himself, when first in flight
He stretcht his wings) no more to hear would stay,
But thither hasted where his Treasure lay.
Arriv'd and enter'd there, he fed his sight
A while with objects of no mean delight;
Servants all clad in livery; a free
Full house, yet void of fulsome luxury.
A fire amidst the hall (most apt to show
Pure charity) that did like *Vesta's* glow;
All things i'th' old worlds fashion, plain but neat,
So regular, substantial, and compleat,
That (sure) he thought that happy House should could
Not look with envy upon th' age of gold.
Coming at last to th' presence of that rare
Lady, whose beauty clear'd the circling aire,
Whose eye-light, breath, & virgin-blush, did show
How starres do shine, Balme smells, & Roses glow;
As wonder-struck he stood, & scarce could use
His vocal faculty: so stands my Muse,
And words doth want sufficiently to praise
A beauty that transcends Hyperbole's;
Whi h so attempt to reach with lofty strains,
Her lowly mind forbids, and saves my pains.
He found her with fine needle curiously
Working *Susanna's* famous history
In silk and gold; whose vernal beauty clear,
And the hoary Elders wintry faces, were
So artfully enlyv'd, that well they might
Lead into errour a Beholders sight.

But

But he a livelier and a lovelier Piece
Admiring (more than *Troy* that Dame of *Greece*)
His courtſhip thus began: Fair Governeſs
'Of all the pow'rs your Servant doth poſſeſs!
'Lady Angellical! moſt fit to move
'And rule the Orb and influence of love!
'I that to find your home have travelled
'Farther than all that ſearcht for *Nilus* head,
'From hardeſt exigents on Sea and Land,
'Come now to kiſs your ſoft Ambroſial hand,
'And to demand as (hardly earned Hire)
'Your true affections treaſure, love entire.
'The Magnetiſme that in your vertues lies,
'Drew me to this laborious enterprize,
'Fame having far divulg'd your courteſy,
'Noble beneficence, rare modeſty,
'Meekneſs, veracity, and many more
'High notes of excellence, which I adore,
'And with your perſon muſt the ſame poſſeſs,
'Or fall full far ſhort of long'd-for happineſs.
'Fair Sir, ſaid ſhe, if of my vertues you
'Be ſo deſirous, that you them purſue,
'Then (if you can) thoſe dear endowments take
'As yours, but uſe them nobly for my ſake;
'Take thoſe quaint jewels for your wondrous pains,
'But leave the cabinet that them contains:
'I ſhall not be diſfurniſht, for we ſo (glow.
'Fetcht flames from fire, which ner'theleſs will
'Perchance I make it my ambitious ſtrife
'To imitate *Diana's* ſingle life;

'Will

'Will you perſt then to ſolicite me,
'And like *Orion*, tempt my chaſtity?
'What if my heart, drawn forth by ſuch a charm
'As your ſoft ſpeech, anothers breaſt doth warm,
'To whom I promis'd love? then without fruit
'You labour ſpend, and fruſtrate is your ſuit.
'For ſooner ſhall ſome harſh colliſion crack
'The whirling Spheres, and to a general wrack:
'Hurry the world, than any force of Fate
'Shall cauſe me my vow'd faith to violate:
'Fortune may ſmile, and frown, and oft eſtrange
'Her looks, but muſt not look my mind to change.
'Madam, ſaid he, your temper's not ſo hard,
'That into it all entrance is debarr'd;
'For as you ſpake, from my dilated heart
'I did perceive ſome ſpirits to depart,
'And fly int' yours; whence now they back retire,
'To work in us an unitive deſire.
'My breaſt's inflam'd; yet my deſire do I
'Diſdain to follow with the common cry
'To pull for love, or come with poor intent
'To beg a ſmile, or ſhew my languiſhment;
'But to your beauties as bold claim to lay,
'As *Venus* to the Doves that draw her, may,
'Sith to unite our hearts the ſtars combin'd,
'And to our Match the Deſtinies conſign'd:
'I ſaw you in a dream too; whence drew
'Fair hopes that ſometime I ſhould ſleep with you.
'You little dream, ſaid ſhe, what envy I
'Should draw upon you, ſhould I not deny

'What

'What you desire; For many Knights whom arts
'And arms ennobled, have from forraign parts
'Repair'd and su'd to me, as Pilgrims go
'On holier visits, and devotion show.
'But I have either fled them, as they say
'*Daphne* did *Phœbus*, or else sent away
'Them with their suits, and caus'd them to depart
'Sorely oppress with heavinesse of heart;
'Or into a passion chaf't, as flouds are more
'Enrag'd, when meeting with a rocky shore.
'But now that you more lovelinesse present,
'I feel my rigid temper to relent;
'And sith indeed you urge the will and law
'Of mighty Fate, you needs must over-awe
'My pow'r, and I must of my modesty
'Crave leave to say I love you fervently:
'Nor think it levity in me to say
'So much, for I have learn'd my words to weigh.
'Plain truth to tell, loud Fame has blown your worth
'So far, and trumpeted your merits forth,
'That you in your *Atlantis* to have seen
'I purpos'd; as that *Amazonian* Queen,
'*Thalestris* (though with more impure intent
'Than mine) to'th *Macedonian* Monarch went.
'Love, *Theseus*-like, a noted part did play,
'Did through a Labyrinth it self convey, eye
'Found passage through mine ear; though in at th'
'(More slippery far) it slides most frequently.
'However to the centre of my breast
'With happy speed it went, and there shall rest:

Time

'Time that will break ſtrong-hearted Oake, ſhall
Crack that affection which to you I bear. nere
After this ſweet accord, this harmony
Of voice and vote, they further did agree
By *Hymens* hallowed lights all doubts to clear,
And make their loves more ſenſible appear.
Haſte was requir'd; nor many dayes did paſſe
Before what they deſir'd accompliſh't was
With faireſt auſpice, every rite and dreſs
That aptly ſymboliz'd their happineſs.
And as when *Peleus* was to take his deare
Thetis to wife, the Gods invited were
To th' marriage-feaſt: ſo perſons eminent,
Whom Fame had Heaven-ward in high praiſes
For loyalty in love, muſt onely be (ſent
The welcome Gueſts to this ſolemnity.
Yet ſuch true hearts theſe Iſlanders did bear,
That faithful Lovers, like to culvers there
In flocks did meet; who as their cups did flow,
Turn'd Prophets, and full fortunes did fore-ſhow
To th' married Pair; while the air with muſick
And nuptial hymnes inſpired Poets ſung. (rung,
Thus now theſe worthy Lovers reacht the joyes
That long had hover'd in their phantaſies;
Ioyn'd their loves forces, that (as gummes in fire
With ſpices mixt) more ſweetly did conſpire;
And bleſt their fates, that on them had beſtow'd
Such ample favours, as to few were ſhow'd.
High was their happineſs, and ſcarce to be
Reacht with the lines of loftieſt poetry.

The End.